



HANDEL AND HAYDN  
\* SOCIETY \*  
FIFTH

# TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL

PROGRAMMES  
AND  
\* WORDS \*





# Handel and Haydn Society.

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## FIFTH TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

MAY, 1880.

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PROGRAMMES OF THE CONCERTS; WORDS OF THE ORATORIOS AND OTHER  
VOCAL SELECTIONS; NAMES OF SOLOISTS, CHORUS, ORCHESTRA,  
OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY, AND SUBSCRIBERS TO THE  
GUARANTEE FUND; STATISTICS GATHERED FROM  
THE RECORDS OF THE SOCIETY; DESCRIPTIONS OF THE CHORAL WORKS.

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BOSTON:

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,

34 SCHOOL STREET.

## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

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CHARLES C. PERKINS . . .	PRESIDENT.
GEORGE H. CHICKERING . . .	VICE-PRESIDENT.
A. PARKER BROWNE . . .	SECRETARY.
GEORGE W. PALMER . . .	TREASURER.
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# Handel and Haydn Society.

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## FIFTH TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL, MAY, 1880.

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*Tuesday Evening, May 4.*

*Wednesday Evening, May 5.*

*Thursday Afternoon, May 6.*

*Thursday Evening, May 6.*

*Friday Evening, May 7.*

*Saturday Afternoon, May 8.*

*Sunday Evening, May 9.*

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### PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

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SOPRANOS: MISS EMMA C. THURSBY,

MRS. H. M. SMITH,

MISS FANNY KELLOGG,

MISS IDA W. HUBBELL.

ALTOS: MISS ANNIE CARY,

MISS EMILY WINANT.

TENORS: MR. ITALO CAMPANINI,

MR. CHARLES R. ADAMS,

MR. WILLIAM COURTNEY.

BASSES: MR. JOHN F. WINCH,

MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY,

MR. GEORGE W. DUDLEY.

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CHORUS OF FIVE HUNDRED.

ORCHESTRA OF SEVENTY.

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ORGANIST, MR. B. J. LANG.

CONDUCTOR, MR. CARL ZERRAHN.

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EVENING CONCERTS AT 7.45.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS AT 2.30.

## POSTSCRIPT.

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SINCE a part of this book was printed a change has been made in the selections from *Solomon*. The performance will end with the DOUBLE CHORUS, immediately succeeding the RECITATIVE and AIR for *Zadock*, "Thrice happy King!" etc. (See page 39.)

Praise the Lord with harp and tongue,  
Praise Him, all ye old and young,  
He's in mercy ever strong.  
Praise the Lord through every state,  
Praise Him early, praise Him late,  
God alone is good and great.  
Let the loud hosannas rise,  
Widely spreading through the skies,  
God alone is just and wise.

The clarinet parts in the orchestral accompaniments for *Solomon* have been prepared by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, who has also amplified the bassoon and horn parts. The parts for trombones have been arranged by Mr. CARL ZERRHAN.

Miss THURSBY will sing an additional song at Saturday's concert, the title of which will be duly announced.

# FIRST CONCERT.

(620th Concert by the Society.)

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Tuesday Eve'g, May 4, 1880, at 7.45.

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MENDELSSOHN'S ORATORIO OF

# SAINT PAUL.

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PRINCIPAL SOLOISTS.

Miss EMMA C. THURSBY,

Miss EMILY WINANT,

Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS,

Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY.

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WORDS ON PAGE 12.

# SECOND CONCERT.

(621st Concert by the Society.)

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Wednesday Evening, May 5, 1880, at 7.45.

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SPOHR'S ORATORIO,

## THE LAST JUDGMENT.

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PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

Miss IDA W. HUBBELL,

Miss EMILY WINANT,

Mr. WILLIAM COURTNEY,

Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY.

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WORDS ON PAGE 17.

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ROSSINI'S

## STABAT MATER.

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PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

Miss FANNY KELLOGG,

Miss ANNIE CARY,

Mr. ITALO CAMPANINI,

Mr. JOHN F. WINCH.

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WORDS ON PAGE 19.

# THIRD CONCERT.

(622d Concert by the Society.)

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Thursday Afternoon, May 6, 1880, at 2.30.

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CONCERT OVERTURE. *Rip Van Winkle* . . . G. W. CHADWICK.

On WASHINGTON IRVING'S "A Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

SONG. *Der Erl-König* . . . . . F. SCHUBERT.

Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS.

WORDS ON PAGE 33.

SCENA FROM *Hamlet* . . . . . A. THOMAS.

Miss EMMA C. THURSBY.

WORDS ON PAGE 44.

ARIA FROM *Semele* . . . . . G. F. HANDEL.

Miss ANNIE CARY.

WORDS ON PAGE 47.

CHORUS. *Psalm XLIII* . . . . . F. MENDELSSOHN.

WORDS ON PAGE 34.

SYMPHONY No. 9 . . . . . L. VON BEETHOVEN.

Solos by Miss THURSBY, Miss CARY, Mr. ADAMS, and Mr. GEORGE W. DUDLEY.

WORDS ON PAGE 21.

# FOURTH CONCERT.

(623d Concert by the Society.)

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Thursday Evening, May 6, 1880, at 7.45.

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MARMION. DUDLEY BUCK.

*Symphonic Overture on SIR WALTER SCOTT'S Poem.*

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VERDI'S

## REQUIEM MASS.

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*PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.*

MRS. H. M. SMITH,

MISS ANNIE CARY,

MR. ITALO CAMPANINI,

MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY.

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WORDS ON PAGE 23.

# FIFTH CONCERT.

(624th Concert by the Society.)

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Friday Evening, May 7, 1880, at 7.45.

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HAYDN'S ORATORIO,

## THE SEASONS,

SPRING AND SUMMER.

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PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

Miss EMMA C. THURSBY,

Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS,

Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY.

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WORDS ON PAGE 26.

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SAINT-SAËNS'S CANTATA,

## THE DELUGE.

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PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

Miss IDA W. HUBBELL,

Miss EMILY WINANT,

Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS,

Mr. GEORGE W. DUDLEY.

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WORDS ON PAGE 30.

# SIXTH CONCERT.

(625th Concert by the Society)

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 8, 1880, AT 2.45.

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- OVERTURE. *Rubezahl (The Ruler of the Spirits)*, Opus 27, C. M. VON WEBER
- UTRECHT JUBILATE . . . . . G. F. HANDEL (40)  
SOLOS BY MISS ANNIE CARY, MR. WILLIAM COURTNEY, MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY.
- ROMANCE FROM *La Forza del Destino* . . . . . G. VERDI (43)  
MR. ITALO CAMPANINI.
- SONG. *La Calandrina* . . . . . N. JOMMELLI (48)  
MISS EMMA C. THURSBY.
- ARIA FROM *Il Duca D'Ebro* . . . . . P. DA VILLA (49)  
MR. COURTNEY.
- AIR FROM *Die Meistersinger* . . . . . R. WAGNER (43)  
MR. WHITNEY.
- INTERMEZZO ALLEGRETTO FROM Symphony in F major, Opus 9 . . . H. GOETZ
- AIR FROM *Le Nozze di Figaro* . . . . . W. A. MOZART (35)  
MISS CARY.
- AIR FROM *Die Walküre* . . . . . R. WAGNER (50)  
MR CAMPANINI.
- AIR FROM *Giulio Cesare* . . . . . G. F. HANDEL (49)  
MISS EMILY WINANT.
- SONG. *Miriam's Song of Triumph* . . . . . C. REINECKE (46)  
MISS IDA W. HUBBELL.
- DUET FROM *William Tell* . . . . . G. ROSSINI (41)  
MR. CAMPANINI, MR. WHITNEY.
- QUARTET AND CHORUS FROM *Cantata per ogni tempo*, J. S. BACH (22)  
MISS HUBBELL, MISS WINANT, MR. COURTNEY, MR. WHITNEY, AND CHORUS.
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Figures in parentheses refer to the page containing the words

# SEVENTH CONCERT.

(626th Concert by the Society.)

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Sunday Evening, May 9, 1880, at .45.

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HANDEL'S ORATORIO,

## SOLOMON.

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PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

MISS EMMA C. THURSBY,

MISS FANNY KELLOGG,

MISS ANNIE CARY,

MR. WILLIAM COURTNEY,

MR. JOHN F. WINCH.

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WORDS ON PAGE 36.

# JAKOB LUDWIG FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY,

BORN AT HAMBURG, FEBRUARY 3, 1809. . . . . DIED AT LEIPSIK, NOVEMBER 4, 1847.

## SAINT PAUL.

Opus 36. Begun at Düsseldorf, March, 1834; completed at Leipsic, first part, April 8, second part, April 18, 1836. The scriptural references are to be considered rather as authorities than as quotations, the English text being a translation from the original German. Produced at Düsseldorf, May 22, 1836. Eleventh performance by the Handel and Haydn Society. First time, January 22, 1843, at the Melodeon.

### PART FIRST.

ARGUMENT.—The persecuted Christian Church in Jerusalem prays to the Lord for power to resist the fury of the heathen. Stephen is accused of blasphemy by the incensed people, and is brought before the Council. Being questioned by the High Priest, he reproves his judges for the obstinacy with which they and their fathers have rejected the true faith, and resisted the Holy Ghost. They refuse to hear him, and insist upon putting him to death. Heeding not the reproof that Jerusalem had ever killed the Prophets which had been sent to her, they shout, "Stone him to death!" and Stephen suffers martyrdom, praying for mercy upon his persecutors. Devout men carry him to his burial, with much lamentation, and utter words of peace and hope over his grave. Saul, who is present at the martyrdom, resolves to continue his persecution of the Christian Church, and for this purpose journeys toward Damascus. A sudden light shines around him, and he is struck with blindness. A voice from Heaven calls upon him to proclaim the glory of the Lord to the benighted people, and his companions lead him by the hand into Damascus. There he prays, in bitter repentance, until the Lord sends to him Ananias, who restores his sight, and confers upon him his divine commission as a Christian preacher. He is baptized, and preaches in the Synagogues; and the congregation praises the wisdom and knowledge of God.

OVERTURE. *Andante con moto. Moderato.*

CHORUS. *Christians.* Lord, Thou alone art God: and Thine are the Heavens, the earth, and mighty waters. The Heathen furiously rage, Lord, against Thee, and against Thy Christ. Now, behold, lest our foes prevail, and grant to Thy servants all strength and joyfulness, that they may preach Thy word. *Acts iv. 24, 26, 29.*

CHORALE.

To God on high be thanks and praise,  
Who deigns our bonds to sever;  
His cares our drooping souls upraise,  
And harm shall reach us never.  
On Him we rest, with faith assured,  
Of all that live, the mighty Lord,  
Forever and forever.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And the many that believed were of one heart and of one soul: and Stephen, full of faith and full of power, did great wonders among the people; and they of the Synagogue were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit with which he spake. Then they suborned men who were false witnesses, which said:

DUET. *The False Witnesses. Basses.* We verily have heard him blaspheme against

these holy places, and against the law: ourselves have heard him speak. *Acts iv. 32; vi. 8, 10, 11, 13.*

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And they stirred up the people and the elders; and came upon him, and caught hold of him, and brought him to the Council, and spake:

CHORUS. *The People.* Now this man ceaseth not to utter blasphemous words against the law of Moses, and also God. Did we not enjoin and straitly command you, that ye should not teach in the name ye follow? and lo, ye have filled Jerusalem with those unlawful doctrines. He hath said, and our ears have heard him, Jesus of Nazareth, He shall destroy all these our holy places, and change all the laws and customs which Moses delivered us. *Acts vi. 11, 12, 14; v. 28.*

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And all that sat in the Council looked steadfastly on him, and saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. Then said the High Priest: "Are these things so?" And Stephen said:

RECITATIVE. *Stephen. Tenor.* Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken to me. The God of glory appeared unto our fathers, delivered the people out of their afflictions, and

gave them favor : but they understood it not. He sent Moses into Egypt, for he saw their afflictions and heard their groaning : but they refused him, and would not obey his word, but thrust him from them, and sacrificed to senseless idols. Solomon built him an house ; albeit the Most High God dwelleth not in temples which are made with hands ; for Heaven is His throne, and earth is but His footstool. Hath not His hand made all these things ? Ye hard of heart, ye always do resist the Holy Ghost : as did your fathers, even so do ye. Which of the Prophets have not your fathers persecuted ? And they have slain them which showed before the coming of Him, the Just one, with whose murder ye have here been stained. Ye have received the law by the disposition of angels, and ye have not obeyed it. *Acts vi. 15 ; vii. 1, 2, 10, 34, 39, 41, 47-53.*

CHORUS. *Hebrews.* Take him away. For now the holy name of God he hath blasphemed ; and who blasphemes Him, he shall perish. *Acts xxi. 36 ; Lev. xxiv. 16.*

RECITATIVE. *Stephen.* Lo, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of God. *Acts vii. 56.*

ARIA. *Soprano.* Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered unto Me thy children, and ye would not. *Matt. xxiii. 37.*

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* Then they ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him, and cried aloud : *Acts vii. 57, 58.*

CHORUS. *Hebrews.* Stone him to death. He blasphemes God ; and who does so shall surely perish. Stone him to death. *Lev. xxiv. 16.*

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And they stoned him : and he kneeled down and cried aloud : Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And when he had said this, he fell asleep. *Acts vii. 59, 60.*

#### CHORALE.

To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,  
Who break'st in love this mortal chain ;  
My life I but from Thee inherit,  
And death becomes my chiefest gain.  
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,  
Content, for Thou art ever nigh.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And the witnesses had laid down their clothes at the feet of a young man whose name was Saul, who was consenting unto his death. And devout men took Stephen and carried him to his burial and made great lamentation over him. *Acts vii. 58 ; viii. 1, 2.*

CHORUS. Happy and blest are they who have endured ; for though the body dies, the soul shall live forever. *James i. 12.*

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* Now Saul made havoc of the Church ; and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples, he spake of them much evil, and said : *Acts viii 3 ; ix. 1.*

AIR. *Saul. Bass.* Consume them all, Lord Sabaoth. Consume all these Thine enemies. Behold, they will not know Thee, that Thou, our great Jehovah, art the Lord alone, the highest over all the world. Pour out Thine indignation, and let them feel Thy power. *Ps. lix. 13 ; lxxxiii. 18 ; lxix. 24.*

RECITATIVE. AIR. *Contralto.* And he journeyed with companions toward Damascus, and had authority and command from the High Priest, that he might bring them bound, men and women, unto Jerusalem.

But the Lord is mindful of His own : He remembers His children. Bow down before Him, ye mighty, for the Lord is near us. *Acts ix. 2 ; Ps. cxv. 12 ; 2 Tim. ii. 19 ; Philipp. iv. 5.*

#### THE CONVERSION.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor. Bass.* CHORUS. And as he journeyed he came near unto Damascus ; when suddenly there shone around him a light from Heaven : and he fell to the earth ; and he heard a voice saying unto him : Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me ? And he said : Lord, who art Thou ? And the Lord said to him : I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest. And he said, trembling and astonished : Lord, what wilt Thou have me do ? The Lord said to him : Arise and go into the city ; and there thou shalt be told what thou must do. *Acts ix. 3-6.*

CHORUS. Rise up, arise, and shine, for thy light comes ; and the glory of the Lord riseth bright upon thee. Behold, now, total darkness covereth the kingdoms, and gross darkness the people : but upon thee riseth

the mighty Lord ; and the glory of the Lord appeareth upon thee. *Is.* lx. 1, 2.

CHORALE.

Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling ;  
It is the Watchman on the walls,  
Thou city of Jerusalem.  
For lo, the Bridegroom comes.  
Arise and take your lamps. Hallelujah !  
Awake: His kingdom is at hand.  
Go forth to meet your Lord.

*Matt.* xxv. 1.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And his companions which journeyed with him stood, and they were afraid, hearing a voice, but seeing no man. And Saul arose from the earth ; and when his eyes were opened he saw no man. But they led him by the hand and brought him into Damascus ; and he was three days without sight, and did neither eat nor drink. *Acts* ix. 7-9.

ARIA. *Paul. Bass.* O God, have mercy upon me, and blot out my transgressions, according to Thy lovingkindness, yea, even for Thy mercy's sake, deny me not. O cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Spirit from me. Lord, a broken and a contrite heart is offered before Thee. I will speak of Thy salvation, I will teach transgressors that all the sinners shall be converted unto Thee. Then open Thou my lips, O Lord ; and my mouth shall show forth Thy glorious praise. *Ps.* li. 1, 11, 13, 15, 17.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor. Soprano.* And there was a disciple at Damascus named Ananias ; to him said the Lord : Ananias,

arise, and inquire thou for Saul of Tarsus ; for behold, he prayeth. He is a chosen vessel unto Me the Lord : and I will show unto him how great things he must suffer for My name's sake. *Acts* ix. 10, 11, 15, 16.

ARIA. *Paul.* I praise Thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart, forevermore : for great is Thy mercy toward me ; and Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell. *Ps.* lxxxvi. 12, 13.

CHORUS. The Lord He is good ; He shall dry your tears and heal all your sorrows : for His word shall not decay. *Rev.* xxi. 4 ; *Matt.* xxiv. 35.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house ; and laying his hands upon him, said : Hear thou, brother Saul, the Lord hath sent me hither (even Jesus that appeared unto thee as thou camest), that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be likewise filled with the Holy Ghost. *Acts* ix. 17.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And there fell from his eyes like as though it were scales ; and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized. And straightway he preached Jesus in the Synagogues, and said : I thank God, who hath made me free through Christ. *Acts* ix. 18, 20 ; *Rom.* vii. 25.

CHORUS. O great is the depth of the riches of wisdom and knowledge of the Father ! How deep and unerring is He in His judgments ! His ways are past our understanding. Sing His glory forevermore. Amen. *Rom.* xi. 33.

## PART SECOND.

ARGUMENT.—Saul, who on his conversion takes the name of Paul, preaches before the congregation. Paul and Barnabas are selected by the Holy Ghost, and sent as ambassadors to spread a knowledge of Christianity abroad. The multitude acknowledges them as messengers who preach the gospel of peace. The Jews, not believing in the Saviour, are envious, and consult how to kill Paul. But Paul and Barnabas, telling them that they have rejected the truth, although they were chosen first to have the word of the Lord set before them, turn from them to preach unto the Gentiles. Paul miraculously cures a cripple at Lystra ; and the Gentiles, believing that the gods have come down from heaven as mortals, call them Jupiter and Mercurius, and desire to offer sacrifices to them. But the Apostles refuse such vain homage ; and Paul endeavors to divert the minds of the people from the worship of false idols to that of the one living God. This excites the anger of the multitude ; and both Jews and Gentiles accuse him of having spoken against Jehovah's temple and the holy law, and raise a cry of "Stone him." But the Lord, whose help is ever nigh unto the faithful, saves him from persecution. Paul convokes the elders of Ephesus, telling them that he is bound in the spirit to go

forth to Jerusalem, and that they will see his face no more. They weep and pray; but Paul expresses his readiness to die for the Lord, and takes his leave, the elders accompanying him unto the ship. It is their comfort now to be God's own children. To him who has fought a good fight and kept well the faith, a crown of righteousness shall be given; and not only unto him, the believers sing, but to all them that love His appearing. So they bless the Lord and praise His holy name forever.

CHORUS. The nations are now the Lord's; they are His Christ's. For all the Gentiles come before Thee, and shall worship Thy name. Now are made manifest Thy glorious law and judgments. *Rev.* xi. 15; xv. 4.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And Paul came to the congregation, and preached freely the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Then spake the Holy Ghost: Set ye apart Barnabas and Paul, for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. *Acts* ix. 29; xiii. 2, 3.

DUET. *Paul. Barnabas. Bass. Tenor.* Now we are ambassadors in the name of Christ, and God beseeches you by us. 2 *Cor.* v. 20.

CHORUS. How lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of peace! To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words; throughout all the lands their glad tidings. *Rom.* x. 15, 18.

RECITATIVE. *AIR. Soprano.* So they, being filled with the Holy Ghost, departing thence delayed not, and preached the word of God with joyfulness.

I will sing of Thy great mercies, O Lord, my Saviour, and of Thy faithfulness evermore. *Acts* xiii. 4, 5; *Ps.* lxxxix. 1.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* But when the Jews saw the multitudes, how they assembled to hear what Paul delivered unto them, they were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting, and blaspheming. *Acts* xiii. 45.

CHORUS. *The Multitude.* Thus saith the Lord: I am the Lord, and beside Me is no Saviour. *Is.* xliii. 11.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And they laid wait for Paul, and consulted together that they might kill him, and spake one to another:

CHORUS. *The Multitude.* Is this he, who, in Jerusalem, destroyed all calling on that name which here he preacheth? May all deceivers ever be confounded. Force him away! *Acts* ix. 21, 23, 24.

CHORALE. *Quartet. Chorus.*

O Thou, the true and only Light,  
Direct the souls that walk in night;  
And bring them 'neath Thy shelt'ring care,  
To find their blest redemption there  
Illumine those who blindly roam;  
O call the wanderer kindly home:  
The hearts astray that union crave,  
And those in doubt, confirm and save.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* But Paul and Barnabas spake freely and publicly unto the people:

RECITATIVE. *Paul.* Ye were chosen first to have the word of the Lord set before you; but, seeing that ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of the life everlasting, behold ye, we turn, even now, unto the Gentiles. *Acts* xiii. 46.

DUET. *Paul. Barnabas.* For so hath the Lord Himself commanded: Behold, I have made thee a light to the Gentiles, and for salvation unto all the earth. For those who call on the Lord, He will hear them, and they shall be blessed. *Acts* xiii. 47; ii. 21.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And there was a man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, and who had never walked: and the same heard Paul speak; who, steadfastly beholding him, said, with a loud voice: Stand upright upon thy feet. And he leaped up, and walked, and praised God. But when the Gentiles saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying one to another:

CHORUS. *Gentiles.* The gods themselves, as mortals, have descended. Behold them here, and adore them. *Acts* xiv. 8-11.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And they called Barnabas *Jupiter*, and Paul *Mercurius*. Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before the city, brought oxen and garlands to the gates, and would have sacrificed with the people, and adored them. *Acts* xiv. 12, 13.

CHORUS. *Gentiles.* O be gracious, ye immortals. Heed our sacrifice with favor.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* Now when the Apostles heard the same, they rent their

garments, and ran in among the people, crying out and saying: *Acts* xiv. 14.

RECITATIVE. *Air. Paul.* O wherefore do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with yourselves; who preach unto you, in peace and earnestness, that ye should turn away from all these vanities unto the ever living God, who made the outstretched Heavens, the earth, and the sea. As saith the prophet: All your idols are but falsehood, and there is no breath in them. They are vanity, and the work of errors: in the time of their trouble they shall perish. God dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

For know ye not that ye are His temple, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth within you? And whosoe'er God's temple defileth, God shall surely destroy him; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. *Acts* xiv. 15; xvii. 24; *1 Cor.* iii. 16, 17.

AIR. *Paul.* But our God abideth in heaven; His will directeth all the world. *Ps.* cxv. 3.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* Then the multitude was stirred up against them, and there was an assault of the Jews and of the Gentiles; they were full of anger, and cried out against them: *Acts* xiv. 2, 5.

CHORUS. *Jews. Gentiles.* This is Jehovah's temple. Ye children of Israel, help us. This is the man who teacheth all men, against the people, against this place, and also our holy law. We have heard him speak against the law. He blasphemeth God. Stone him to death. *Acts* xxi. 28.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And they all persecuted Paul on his way: but the Lord stood with him, and strengthened him, that by him the word might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear. *2 Tim.* iv. 17.

ARIA. *Tenor.* Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give to thee a crown of life. Be not afraid; My help is nigh. *Rev.* ii. 10; *Jer.* i. 8.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And Paul sent, and called the elders of the church at Ephesus, and said to them:

RECITATIVE. *Paul.* Ye know how, at all seasons, I have been with you, serving the Lord with all humility and with many tears, testifying the faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now behold ye, I, bound in spirit, now go forth to Jerusalem. Bonds and affliction abide me there; and ye shall see my face no more. *Acts* xx. 17-19, 21-23, 25.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And they all wept sore, and prayed. *Acts* xx. 37.

CHORUS. *The Congregation.* Far be it from thy path: these things shall not be unto thee. *Matt.* xvi. 22.

RECITATIVE. *Paul.* What mean ye thus to weep, and thus to break my heart? For I am prepared not only to be bound, but also to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Acts* xxi. 13.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down and prayed with them all. And they accompanied him unto the ship, and saw his face no more. *Acts* xx. 36, 38.

CHORUS. See what love hath the Father bestowed on us, in His goodness; that we should be called God's own children. *1 John* iii. 1.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And though he be offered upon the sacrifice of our faith, yet he hath fought a good fight; he hath finished his course; he hath kept well the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at the last great day. *2 Tim.* iv. 6-8.

CHORUS. Not only unto him, but to all them that love truly His appearing. The Lord careth for us and blesseth us. Bless thou the Lord, O my soul, and all within me bless and praise His holy name forever. All ye His angels, praise ye the Lord. *2 Tim.* iv. 8; *Ps.* ciii. 1, 20.

# LUDWIG SPOHR.

BORN AT BRUNSWICK, APRIL 5, 1784 . . . . . DIED AT CASSEL, OCTOBER 22, 1859.

## THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Composed in the Autumn of 1825. Produced in the Lutheran Church, Cassel, Good Friday (March 25), 1826. English text, translated from the German, by Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor of Music. Ninth performance by the Handel and Haydn Society. First time, March 20, 1842, at the Melodeon.

### PART FIRST.

OVERTURE. *Andante Grave. Allegro.*

CHORUS. Praise His awful name, who was, and is, and is to come: praise to Him who giveth immortality: all glory and majesty surround His throne. Worship and adore Him! Praise! Glory to God!

SOLO. *Soprano.* Mighty He cometh to judgment; for He shall judge the world in righteousness, and His people with his truth.

SOLO. *Bass.* Fear thou not, O man! for thy Redeemer liveth. He that died is risen, and He shall live to all eternity; and He shall reign and shall conquer all His enemies.

CHORUS. Praise His awful name, *etc.*

SOLO. *Bass.* I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience; for my sake thou hast endured affliction. Yet thy first and chiefest duty thou hast forsaken; and thou art fallen from thy high estate. Repent! and return to thy first work. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

CHORUS. Praise His awful name, *etc.*

SOLO. *Bass.* Come up hither, and I will shew thee what shall be hereafter.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And lo! a throne was set in heaven, and on the throne One stood. And a rainbow was round about the throne; and the elders knelt before the throne, clad in white raiment; and on their heads were crowns of gold; and from the throne came thunderings and lightnings, and voices, crying day and night:

SOLO. *Tenor.* CHORUS. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! who wast, and who art, and art to come!

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* Behold the Lamb that was slain.

SOLO. *Tenor.* Weep no more; behold, He that died is risen, and hath conquered Death and Hell.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* And the elders fell down before the Lamb, with their harps and golden urns bearing odors, singing this song of praise:

SOLO. *Soprano.* CHORUS. All glory to the Lamb that died, exalted now at God's right hand, in blessing, and wisdom, and honor and praise forever

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And every creature that is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and in the sea, cried aloud and said:

SOLO. *Tenor.* CHORUS. Blessing, honor, glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And lo! a mighty host of all nations and people stood before the throne and the Lamb. Of spotless white was every garment: in every hand a palm was borne. They fell before the throne of God with holy fear.

SOLO. *Soprano.* These, who passed through heavy tribulation, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They stand before God's throne, and serve Him day and night; and the Lamb shall lead them to fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

QUARTET. Yes, every tear and every sorrow the Lord shall wipe away from their eyes: nor sin, nor death, nor pain, nor sorrow shall there be known. He is our God, and we are His people. Hail, our Redeemer! hail!

CHORUS. Lord God of heaven and earth, we adore Thee! Blessing and power be Thine, our Redeemer! Thou art the Lord our God, and we are Thy people. Hail! our Redeemer! hail!

## PART SECOND.

SYMPHONY. *Allegro. Andante Grave.*

SOLO. *Bass.* Thus saith the Lord, "The end is near, and all the winds of heaven proclaim its coming. Prepare to meet thy God! I will reward thee even as thy works have been, and judge thee as thou hast deserved. To me is every action known; each secret thought is unveiled before me."

RECITATIVE. *Bass.* The day of wrath is near; the Almighty shall reveal his power! The reaper's song is silent in the field, and the shepherd's voice on the mountain. The valleys then shall shake with fear; with dread the hills shall tremble. It comes! the day of terror comes! The awful morning dawns! Thy mighty arm, O God, is uplifted! Thou shalt shake the earth and heavens; they shall shrivel as a scroll, when Thou in wrath appearest. For men shall cast away their silver, and count their gold as dross; it shall not save in the great and awful day. Where is now the monarch's might, where all his splendor, where the dreams of earthly greatness? The princes of the earth shall cast their crowns before Thee; and all the power of the mighty shall fail when Thou, Lord, shall come to judge the world.

DUET. *Soprano. Tenor.* Forsake me not in this dread hour, O God most merciful! Thou art my hope, O Lord, give ear unto my prayer! O spare Thy servant, and cast him not away! If Thou forsake me, whither shall I flee! No friend is nigh, no arm to save, but only Thou, Almighty Lord of Hosts. In Thee, O Lord, in Thee alone I trust!

CHORUS. "If with your whole hearts ye humbly seek Me, I will be found of you," saith the Lord; "and if ye return to Me sincerely, I will receive you from all the ends of the earth. I will be your Father, and ye shall be My people." Thus saith the Lord.

SOLO. *Tenor.* Jehovah now cometh to judgment! Bow down to worship Him who made the heavens and earth.

CHORUS. Destroyed is Babylon the mighty! The smoke of her torment ascendeth forevermore. The hour of judgment is come! Now is the Lord at hand! The grave gives up its dead; the sea gives up its dead; the seals are broken; the books are all unclosed; the mighty now tremble before him!

SYMPHONY. *Allegro vivace.*

SOLO. *Tenor.* It is ended!

QUARTET. CHORUS. Blest are the departed who in the Lord are sleeping, from henceforth forevermore: they rest from their labors, and their works follow them.

RECITATIVE. *Soprano.* I saw a new heaven and a new earth, by God prepared and adorned as a bride. Lo! the house of God is with men, and He will dwell among them, and they shall be His people. Nor sun shall be, nor moon: God is their sun; there shall His majesty unclouded rise. No earthly house is there: God is their temple and their light.

SOLO. *Tenor.* Behold! He soon shall come in His might arrayed, to give to every one according to his work.

QUARTET. Then come Lord Jesus!

CHORUS. Great and wonderful are all Thy works, O Thou Almighty God! How just and true are all Thy commandments, Jehovah, King of Saints.

QUARTET. CHORUS. O Lord, who shall not fear Thee, who shall not glorify Thee! All nations of the earth shall come and worship before Thy throne, for Thou alone art holy.

CHORUS. Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forevermore! Hallelujah! Amen!

# GIOACHINO ANTONIO ROSSINI.

BORN AT PESARO, FEBRUARY 29, 1792 . . . . . DIED AT PARIS, NOVEMBER 13, 1869.

## STABAT MATER.

HYMN written by JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS, 1268. English version by General JOHN A. DIX, 1867. Music composed, 1832 and 1841. Produced at Paris, 1842. Twenty-seventh performance by the Handel and Haydn Society. First time, February 26, 1843, at the Melodeon.

INTRODUCTION. *Andantino Moderato.*

CHORUS. QUARTET.

STABAT MATER dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,  
Dum pendebat Filius.

NEAR THE CROSS the Saviour bearing  
Stood the Mother lone, despairing,  
Bitter tears down falling fast.

AIR. *Tenor.*

CUJUS ANIMAM gementem,  
Contristantem et dolentem,  
Pertransivit gladius.

WEARIED was her heart with grieving,  
Worn her breast with sorrow heaving,  
Through her soul the sword had passed.

O ! quam tristis et afflicta,  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater unigeniti !  
Quæ mærebat, et dolebat,  
Et tremebat, cum videbat  
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Ah ! how sad and broken-hearted  
Was that blessed mother, parted  
From the God-begotten One !  
How her loving heart did languish  
When she saw the mortal anguish  
Which o'erwhelmed her peerless Son.

DUET. *Soprano. Mezzo Soprano.*

QUIS EST HOMO, qui non fleret,  
Christi matrem si videret  
In tanto supplicio ?  
Quis non posset contristari,  
Piam matrem contemplari  
Dolentem cum filio ?

WHO could witness without weeping  
Such a flood of sorrow sweeping  
O'er the stricken mother's breast ?  
Who contemplate without being  
Moved to kindred grief by seeing  
Son and mother thus oppressed ?

AIR. *Bass.*

PRO PECCATIS suæ gentis  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
Et flagellis subditum.  
Vidit suum dulcem natum,  
Morientem, desolatum,  
Dum emisit spiritum.

FOR our sins she saw Him bending  
And the cruel lash descending  
On His Body stripped and bare ;  
Saw her own dear Jesus dying,  
Heard His spirit's last out-crying  
Sharp with anguish and despair.

RECITATIVE. *Bass. CHORUS.*

EIA MATER, fons amoris,  
Me sentire vim doloris  
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.  
Fac ut ardeat cor meum,  
In amando Christum Deum  
Ut sibi complaceam.

GENTLE MOTHER, love's pure fountain !  
Cast, oh ! cast on me the mountain  
Of thy grief that I may weep ;  
Let my heart with ardor burning,  
Christ's unbounded love returning,  
His rich favor win and keep.

## QUARTET.

SANCTA MATER, istud agas,  
 Crucifixi fige plagas  
     Cordi meo valide.  
 Tui Nati vulnerati,  
 Tam dignati pro me pati,  
     Pænas mecum divide.  
 Fac me vere tecum flere,  
 Crucifixo condolere,  
     Donec ego vixero.  
 Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
 Te libenter sociare  
     In planctu desidero.  
 Virgo virginum præclara,  
 Mihi jam non sis amara ;  
     Fac me tecum plangere.

HOLY MOTHER, be thy study  
 Christ's dear image scarred and bloody  
     To enshrine within my heart !  
 Martyred Son ! whose grace has set me  
 Free from endless death, oh ! let me  
     Of Thy sufferings bear a part.  
 Mother, let our tears commingle,  
 Be the crucifix my single  
     Sign of sorrow while I live :  
 Let me by the Cross stand near thee,  
 There to see thee, there to hear thee,  
     For each sigh a sigh to give.  
 Purest of the Virgins ! turn not  
 Thy displeasure on me — spurn not  
     My desire to weep with thee.

CAVATINA. *Mezzo Soprano.*

FAC UT PORTEM Christi mortem,  
 Passionis fac consortem,  
     Et plagas recolere.  
 Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
 Cruce hac inebriari,  
     Ob amorem Filii.

LET me live Christ's passion sharing,  
 All his wounds and sorrows bearing  
     In my tearful memory.  
 Be, ye wounds, my tribulation !  
 Be, thou Cross, my inspiration !  
     Mark, O blood, my Heavenward way.

QUARTET. *Unaccompanied.*

QUANDO CORPUS morietur,  
 Fac ut animæ donetur  
     Paradisi gloria.

CAME then, Death, this body sealing,  
 To my ransomed soul revealing  
     Glorious days in Paradise.

AIR. *Soprano.* CHORUS.

INFLAMMATUS et accensus,  
 Per te, Virgo, sim defensus,  
     In die judicii.  
 Fac me cruce custodiri,  
 Morte Christi præmuniri,  
     Confoveri gratia.

THUS to fervor rapt, O tender  
 Virgin, be thou my defender  
     In the dreadful Judgment Day.  
 With the Cross my faith I 'll cherish ;  
 By Christ's death sustained I 'll perish,  
     Through His grace again to rise.

# LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

BORN AT BONN, DECEMBER 16, 1770 . . . . . DIED AT VIENNA, MARCH 26, 1827.

## THE NINTH SYMPHONY.

Opus 125. Dedicated to FREDERICH WILLIAM III., King of Prussia. Composition begun in 1817; continued in November, 1823; finished in February, 1824. Produced May 7, 1824, at the Kärnthnerthor Theater, Vienna. The text in Part IV. adapted from *A Hymn to Joy*, by JOHANN CHRISTOPH FREDERIC VON SCHILLER. Seventh performance by the Handel and Haydn Society. First time, April 2, 1853.

### I.

*Allegro ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.* D-minor . . . . . 2-4

### II.

*Molto vivace.* D-minor . . . . . 3-4

*Presto.* { D-minor } . . . . . 4-4  
          { D-major } . . . . . 4-4

### III.

*Adagio molto e cantabile.* B-flat major, 4-4

*Andante moderato.* { D-major } . . . 3-4  
                          { G-major } . . . 3-4

*Adagio.* { E-flat major . . . . . 4-4  
          { B-flat major . . . . . 12-8

### IV.

*Presto.* D-minor . . . . . 3-4

*Allegro ma non troppo.* D-minor . . . 2-4

*Vivace.* D-minor . . . . . 3-4

*Adagio cantabile.* B-flat major . . . 4-4

*Allegro assai.* A-major, D-major . . . 4-4

*Presto.* D-minor . . . . . 3-4

RECITATIVE. *Bass.* O brothers, these sad tones no longer! Rather raise we now together our voices, and joyful be our song!

*Allegro assai.* D-major . . . . . 4-4

QUARTET. *Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass.*

O joy! joy!

O joy, thou star from heaven appearing,

Daughter from Elysium,

We approach thy light so cheering,

To thy altar now we come.

Thou hast power to bind together

What the world would rend apart,

And where'er thy light wing flutters,

Love and peace are in the heart.

CHORUS. Thou hast power, *etc.*

QUARTET. He who loyal friend possesses,

Loving with fidelity,

He who faithful wife caresses,

Let him join our jubilee!

If he but one other only

In the world can call his own.

But if no one e'er hath loved him,

Leave him weeping and alone.

CHORUS. If he but, *etc.*

QUARTET. Happiness all e'er are taking

From our mother Nature's breast,

And the fount is ever flowing:

Good and wicked, all are blest.

And her ever fond devotion,

No return of aught demands,

E'en the worm has joy of motion;

Before God the seraph stands.

CHORUS. And her ever, *etc.*

*Alla marcia. Allegro assai. Vivace.*

B-flat major, D-major . . . . . 6-8

SOLO. *Tenor.*

Glad! joyful as the brightness shining,

From the sun in heaven on high;

Joyful now, no more repining;

Brothers, victory is nigh.

CHORUS. Joyful now, *etc.*

Joy, thou star, *etc.*

*Andante maestoso.* G-major . . . . . 3 2

CHORUS. Oh, then, love ye one another!

Welcome all the race of man!

Brothers, high above yon span

Dwells a kind and loving Father.

*Adagio ma non troppo, ma divoto.*

G-minor . . . . . 3-2

CHORUS.

Then, ye millions, kneel, and praying,

Fear the Maker of the world;

In the heavens His sceptre swaying,  
See the angels Him obeying.

*Allegro enegico sempre ben marcato.*

D-major . . . . . 6-4

CHORUS. Joy, thou star, *etc.*

Oh, then, love, *etc.*

*Allegro ma non tanto.* D-major . . . . . 4-4

*Poco adagio.* B-major . . . . . 4-4

QUARTET. Daughter from Elysium.

Thou hast power, *etc.*

CHORUS. Thou hast power, *etc.*

*Poco allegro, stringendo il tempo, sem-*

*pre più allegro.* D-major . . . . . 4-4

*Prestissimo.* D-major . . . . . 4-4

*Maestoso.* D-major . . . . . 3-4

CHORUS. Oh, then, love, *etc.*

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## JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

BORN AT EISENACH, MARCH 21, 1685 . . . . . DIED AT LEIPSIK, JULY 28, 1750.

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## THE LAMB THAT FOR US WAS SLAIN.

Concluding chorus from *Cantata per ogni tempo*, "Deep within My Heart." Orchestral accompaniment by Robert Franz.

*Grave.* The Lamb, that for us was slain, to Him will we render power, and riches, and wisdom, and glory, and honor, and praise, and love.

FUGUE. *Allegro.* Power, and glory, and praise, and renown be unto Him forevermore.

*Alleluja! Amen! — Revelations v. 12, 13.*

# GIUSEPPE VERDI.

BORN AT BUSSETO, LOMBARDY, OCTOBER 9, 1814.

## REQUIEM MASS.

In honor of Alessandro Manzoni: born March 7, 1785; died May 22, 1873. Composed in 1873-74. Produced at Saint Mark's Church, Milan, May 22, 1874. Third performance by the Handel and Haydn Society. First time, May 5, 1878.

### CHORUS. QUARTET.

REQUIEM æternam dona eis, DOMINE: et  
lux perpetua luceat eis

REST eternal give them, LORD: and let  
perpetual light shine upon them.

TE decet hymnus, DEUS, in Sion, et  
Tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem: exaudi  
orationem meam, ad Te omnis caro veniet.

UNTO Thee, O GOD, shall hymns be sung  
in Sion, and unto Thee shall vows go up in  
Jerusalem: hear my prayer, unto Thee shall  
all flesh come.

REQUIEM æternam, *etc.*

REST eternal, *etc.*

KYRIE eleison! CHRISTE eleison!

LORD have mercy! CHRIST have mercy!

### DIES IRÆ.\*

#### CHORUS.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA!  
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,  
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

DAY OF VENGEANCE, without morrow,  
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,  
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta strictè discussurus.

Ah! what terror is impending,  
When the Judge is seen descending,  
And each secret veil is rending.

#### CHORUS. SOLO. *Bass.*

TUBA mirum spargens sonum,  
Per sepulchra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,  
Through the sepulchres resounding,  
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Mors stupebit, et natura,  
Cum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,  
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,  
Man to judgment is awaking.

#### SOLO. *Mezzo-Soprano.* CHORUS.

LIBER scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.

ON the written Volume's pages,  
Life is shown in all its stages —  
Judgment-record of past ages!

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet, apparebit:  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Sits the Judge, the raised arrainging,  
Darkest mysteries explaining,  
Nothing unavenged remaining.

\* Saint Thomas of Celano, 1250. English version by General John A. Dix, 1863.

TRIO. *Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, Tenor.*

QUID sum, miser ! tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus ?

WHAT shall I then say, unfriended,  
By no advocate attended,  
When the just are scarce defended ?

## QUARTET. CHORUS.

REX tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, Fons Pietatis !

KING of majesty tremendous,  
By thy saving grace defend us,  
Fount of Pity, safety send us !

DUET. *Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano.*

RECORDARE, JESU pie,  
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ ;  
Ne me perdas illa die !

HOLY JESUS, meek, forbearing,  
For my sins the death-crown wearing,  
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti, crucem passus :  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me ;  
By Thy cross and passion bought me —  
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Juste Judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis  
Ante diem rationis.

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Give, O give me absolution  
Ere the day of dissolution.

SOLO. *Tenor.*

INGEMISCO tanquam reus,  
Culpâ rubet vultus meus ;  
Supplici parce, DEUS !

As a guilty culprit groaning,  
Flushed my face, my errors owning,  
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning !

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exhaustisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,  
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,  
Badst me hope in my contrition.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
Sed Tu bonus fac benigne  
Ne perenni cremer igne !

In my prayers no grace discerning,  
Yet on me Thy favor turning,  
Save my soul from endless burning.

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding  
Thou art from the goats dividing,  
On Thy right a place abiding !

SOLO. *Bass.*

CONFUTATIS maledictis,  
Flammis acribus addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis !

WHEN the wicked are confounded,  
And by bitter flames surrounded,  
Be my joyful pardon sounded.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei finis.

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,  
Heart as though to ashes turning ;  
Save, O save me from the burning !

## QUARTET. CHORUS.

LACHRYMOSA dies illa !  
Qua resurget ex favillâ.  
Judicandus homo reus ;  
Huic ergo parce, DEUS !

DAY of weeping, when from ashes  
Man shall rise 'mid lightning flashes,  
Guilty, trembling with contrition,  
Save him, Father, from perdition.

PIE JESU DOMINE,  
Dona eis requiem. *Amen.*

LORD all pitying, JESU blest,  
Grant us thine eternal rest. *Amen.*

OFFERTORY. QUARTET.

DOMINE JESU CHRISTE, Rex gloriæ, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de pœnis inferni, et de profundo lacu: libera eas de ore leonis, ne absorbeat eas Tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum; sed signifer sanctus Michael repræsentet eas in lucem sanctam. Quam olim Abrahæ promisisti et semini ejus.

LORD JESUS CHRIST, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pangs of hell, and from the deep abyss: save them from the lion's mouth, let not the pit swallow them lest they fall into darkness; but let Thy standard bearer, the holy Michael, bring them into Thy holy light. As Thou didst promise of old unto Abraham and his seed.

HOSTIAS et preces Tibi, DOMINE, laudis offerimus: Tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus: fac eas, DOMINE, de morte transire ad vitam. Quam olim Abrahæ, etc.

SACRIFICE and prayer bring we to Thee, O LORD, with praises: accept them for the souls of those whose memory we keep this day: let them pass, O LORD, from death unto life. As thou didst promise, etc.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

SANCTUS, DOMINE DEUS SABAOTH. Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria Tua. Benedictus qui venit in nomine DOMINE. Hosanna in Excelsis.

HOLY, LORD GOD OF SABAOTH. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the Highest.

INTERMISSION.

DUET. *Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano.* CHORUS.

AGNUS DEI, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.

LAMB OF GOD, who takest away the sins of the world, grant them unending rest.

\* TRIO. *Mezzo-Soprano, Tenor, Bass.*

LUX æterna luceat eis, DOMINE, cum Sanctis Tuis in æternum, quia pius es.

LET Thy light everlasting shine on them, O LORD, as on Thy Saints forever, for Thou art merciful.

REQUIEM æternam, etc.

REST eternal, etc.

CUM Sanctis Tuis, etc.

As on Thy Saints, etc.

SOLO. *Soprano.* CHORUS.

LIBERA ME, DOMINE, de morte æterna, in die illa tremenda: quando cœli movendi sunt et terra. Dum veneris judicare sæculum per ignem.

DELIVER ME, LORD, from eternal death, on that dread day: when Heaven and earth shall be moved. When Thou shalt come to judge the world with fire.

TREMENS factus sum ego et timeo, dum discussio venerit atque ventura ira. Quando cœli movendi, etc.

SEIZED am I with trembling, and I fear the trial and the wrath to come. When heaven, etc.

DIES ILLA, DIES IRÆ, calamitatis et miseriæ, dies magna et amara valde. Dum veneris judicare, etc.

THAT DAY, A DAY OF WRATH, of trouble and distress, a great and bitter day indeed. When Thou shalt come to judge, etc.

REQUIEM æternam, etc.

REST eternal, etc.

LIBERA ME, DOMINE, etc.

DELIVER ME, O LORD, etc.

*The finale is extremely piano: absolute quiet on the part of the audience is necessary, in order that the effect may not be marred.*

# FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.

BORN AT ROHRAU, AUSTRIA, MARCH 31, 1732 . . . . . DIED AT VIENNA, MAY 31, 1809.

## THE SEASONS.

### Part I. SPRING.

### Part II. SUMMER.

Composed 1799-1800. Original text, in German, adapted from JAMES THOMSON's poem, *The Seasons*, by BARON VAN SWieten. Produced at the Schwartzburg Palace, Vienna, April 24, 1801. Previous performances by the Handel and Haydn Society: May 6, 1874, *Spring*; April 28, 1875, the complete work.

#### CHARACTERS.

SIMON. A Farmer. *Bass*.

JANE. His Daughter. *Soprano*.

LUCAS. A Young Countryman. *Tenor*.

CHORUS of Country People.

### SPRING.

OVERTURE. *Largo. Vivace*. Expressing the passage from Winter to Spring.

RECITATIVE. *Simon*.

Behold where surly Winter flies!

Towards the north he passes off.

He calls his ruffian blasts:

His ruffian blasts obey,

And quit the howling hill.

*Lucas*.

Behold from craggy rocks the snow

In livid torrents melted runs!

*Jane*. Forth fly the tepid airs,

And from the Southern shores allure

The messenger of Spring.

CHORUS.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness,  
come,

And from her wintry grave bid drowsy Nature rise.

*Women*.

See! gentle spring delightful comes:

The softness of its breath we feel,—

The joy of renovating life.

*Men*. As yet the year is unconfirmed;  
And oft the cold's returning blast

With black envenom'd fogs the bud and  
bloom destroys.

CHORUS.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness,  
come,

And smiling on our plains descend:

Come, gentle Spring, while music wakes  
around.

RECITATIVE. AIR. *Simon*.

At last the bounteous sun

From Aries into Taurus rolls,

Wide spreading life and heat;

Up rise the fleecy clouds sublime,

And stretch their thin and silver wings

O'er all surrounding Heaven.

With joy the impatient husbandman

Forth drives his lusty team

To where the well-used plough remains,  
Now loosened from the frost.

With measured step he throws the grain  
Into the bounteous earth.

O sun, soft showers, and dews!

The golden ears in plenty bring.

With joy the impatient husbandman

Forth drives his lusty team

To where the well-used plough remains,  
Now loosened from the frost:

There freely yoked, their toil begins,  
Cheered by the rustic lay.

RECITATIVE. *Lucas.*

Laborious man hath done his part ;  
And, while his heart with hope expands,  
That nature's friendly aid will richly crown  
his toil,

His ardent vows to heaven ascend.

TRIO. CHORUS. *Lucas.*

Be propitious, bounteous Heaven !  
O'er the hills and vales luxuriant  
Spread the rich autumnal feast.

CHORUS. Be propitious, *etc.*

*Lucas.*

O ! let the gales of gray-eyed morning,  
*Simon.*

Upon refreshing dew-drops breathing,  
*Jane.*

The genial sun, and evening shower,  
With power of produce bless the land.

TRIO.

The hopes of man shall then be crowned ;  
And songs of joy Thy praise shall tell.

CHORUS. Be propitious, *etc.*

*Men.*

O ! let the gales of gray-eyed morning,  
The genial sun, and evening shower,

*Women.*

The evening shower, and genial sun  
With power of produce bless the land.

CHORUS. The hopes of man, *etc.*

RECITATIVE. *Jane.*

Our fervent prayers are heard :  
The effusive southern breeze  
Warms the wide air, with vernal showers dis-  
tent ;

In heaps on heaps the vapors sail ;  
And now their genial stores descend,  
Wide spreading o'er the freshened world.

DUET. CHORUS. *Jane.* Spring, her  
lovely charms unfolding,

Calls us to the fields ;  
Come, sweet maidens, let us wander  
O'er the fragrant scene.

*Lucas.*

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,  
Calls us to the fields ;  
Come, companions, let us wander

Midst the sweets of May.

*Both.* Spring, her lovely charms, *etc.*

*Jane.* Let us gayly tread the dew-drops,  
Cull the blooming flowers.

*Lucas.* See the valleys, see the meadows,  
Where the lilies sip the streamlet.

*Girls and Youths.*

Spring, her lovely charms, *etc.*

*Jane.*

Mark the mountains, see the waters,  
View the lucid sky.

*Lucas.* All is lovely, all delightful,  
All replete with joy.

*Jane.* See the playful lambkins caper.

*Lucas.* Fish disportful skim the water.

*Jane.*

Bees from flower to floweret ramble.

*Lucas.*

Tuneful birds through blossoms flutter.

CHORUS. All is lovely, all delightful,  
All replete with joy.

*Girls.*

What enjoyment ! O what pleasure  
Swells our grateful hearts !

*Youths.*

Soft sensations, rapture's impulse,  
Changeful rule the breast ;

*Simon.* Till the feelings, all ecstatic,  
Own the present God.

*Girls and Youths.*

With loud praises, grateful flowing,  
Magnify his name.

*Men.* Let the voice of pure thanksgiving  
Rise above the clouds.

CHORUS. Let the voice, *etc.*

CHORUS.

God of light ! God of life ! Hail, mercy's  
Lord !

TRIO. From whose abundant stores  
The earth with plenty flows,  
And whose almighty love  
Makes glad the heart of man.

CHORUS.

God of light ! God of life ! Hail, mercy's Lord !  
Endless praise to Thee we'll sing,  
Almighty Lord of all.

## SUMMER.

RECITATIVE. *Lucas.*

Her face in dewy veil concealed,  
The meek-eyed morn appears.  
With quicken'd step, at her approach,  
The lazy night retires.  
To gloomy cells repair  
The dismal tribes of funeral birds;  
And with their mournful cries  
No more the tim'rous heart appall.

RECITATIVE. AIR.

*Simon.* The crested harbinger of day,  
With lively chant, the swain awakes,  
Who from his cottage hies  
To breathe the freshness of the morn.  
From out the fold the shepherd drives  
His bleating flock and lowing herd,  
That browse along the verdant hill,  
Dewdrops shaking to the ground.  
Towards the east he gazing stands,  
And on his staff in silence leans,  
Until the powerful king of day  
Glorious darts his beams around.

RECITATIVE.

*Jane.* Lo, now aslant the glittering  
earth,  
In boundless majesty he looks;  
And o'er the mountains, towers, and wand'-  
ring streams,  
Resplendent glowing, spreads ethereal  
gold.

TRIO. Behold on high he mounts,  
The sight no more his beams withstands!

CHORUS. With flames of piercing light

He bursts in glowing majesty!  
Hail, O glorious sun!  
Thou source of light and life, all hail!  
Hail, O glorious sun!  
Sublime and universal orb,  
O earth's pervading soul,  
Creation cries all hail!

TRIO. Who can express the pure delight  
Thy cheerful presence yields to man?  
Or who recount the mighty good  
That from thy rays the earth receives?

CHORUS. Who can express the pure delight  
Thy cheerful presence yields to man?

TRIO.

Thy genial warmth gives health and joy;  
But to the Lord our God we owe  
The power thy beams display.

CHORUS. Hail, O glorious sun!

Thou source of light and life, all hail!  
Let shouts of joy resound  
Thy name throughout the world.

RECITATIVE. *Simon.*

Now swarms the village o'er the mead,  
The rustic youth, the ruddy maid;  
The breathing harvest spread around,  
Whose fragrance scents the air:  
From dale to dale wafting the breeze  
Resound the voice of happy labor,  
Of jocund mirth and social glee.

RECITATIVE. AIR. *Lucas.*

'T is noon, and now intense the sun  
Darts down his rays. O'er Heav'n and earth  
The eye beholds his mighty blaze resistless  
spread.

From pole to pole, o'er cleaving fields  
Of arid herbs and wither'd flowers,  
A dazzling deluge reigns.  
Distressful nature fainting sinks!  
Drooping foliage, thirsty pastures, founts  
exhausted,

Show the tyrant rage of heat;  
And panting, languish man and beast,  
Outstretched upon the ground.

RECITATIVE. AIR. *Jane.*

O welcome now, ye groves and bow'rs!  
Ye lofty pines, ye aged oaks!  
Whose foliage lends a cooling shade;  
And sweetly, to the listening ear,  
In murmurs, whisp'ring speaks.  
O'er downy moss the purling brook  
Its liquid silver rolls;  
And 'neath the shade, with soothing  
hum,

The sportive insects play.  
The balmy scent of fragrant herbs  
On zephyr's wing is borne:  
And cheery from the ev'ning bow'r  
The shepherd tunes his lay.  
O how pleasing to the senses  
Comes the sweet and cooling breeze!  
Beams the eye with joy expanded,  
As the stream of life pervades  
Th' invigorated frame.  
Delight uplifts the heart,  
And fancy's magic pow'r  
O'er nature bears the soul  
On sweet enchanted wing.

RECITATIVE. *Simon.*

Behold ! slow setting o'er the lurid grove,  
Unusual darkness frowning broods ;  
Through awful gloom the lightning gleams,  
Eruptive from the clouds,  
And hark ! from heaven's dark canopy  
The thunder growls.

*Lucas.* In rueful gaze the cattle stand,  
By fearful man forsook :  
The aerial tribes descend ;  
The clouds low rolling on  
Prepare the elemental strife.

*Jane.* Dread thro' the dun expanse  
A boding silence reigns ;  
Without a breath the forest shakes,  
And nature seems to ruin doom'd.

CHORUS.

Hark ! the deep tremendous voice  
Of awful thunder roars !  
The tempest howls around.  
Away ; ah, let us fly !  
Flashes of livid flame dart thro' the air,  
And from the bursting clouds the flood  
In sundry torrents pours.  
Heaven protect us !  
Dreadful rage the winds ; the sky is all in  
flames.  
Oh, what horror !  
Peal on peal, with fearful crash,  
Convulsing Heav'n, the thunder rolls !  
O God ! O God !

Unto its deep foundations  
The solid globe is shook.

TRIO. CHORUS. *Lucas.*

Now cease the conflicts of the winds,  
And fast the gloomy clouds retire ;

*Jane.* The sky sublimer swells,  
Pure azure spreads around,  
And o'er the fields the setting sun  
Displays the sparkling robe of joy.

*Simon.* His flock secure, the shepherd  
hies,  
Light-hearted to his home.

*Lucas.* The quail repeating calls her  
mate ;

*Jane.* Around the cot the crickets chirp ;  
*Simon.*

While croak the frogs within the pool,  
TRIO. And tolls the ev'ning bell.

Now shines the glitt'ring host of stars :  
The hour of sweet repose is near.

CHORUS.

*Men.* Welcome, gentle sleep !  
Soothing balm of ev'ry care !  
O thou that in the cot of toil  
Delight'st to close the lids of health,  
Welcome, gentle sleep !

*Women.* To rest, to rest away !

CHORUS. The ev'ning bell again has toll'd ;  
The winking stars to sleep invite ;  
The hour of sweet repose is near  
To rest, to rest away !

# CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.

BORN AT PARIS, OCTOBER 9, 1835.

## THE DELUGE.

Opus 45. Biblical Poem in three parts. (*Genesis* vi., vii., viii., ix.) Produced at the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris, March 5, 1876. English version from the French of LOUIS GALLÉ, by THEODORE T. BARKER. First performance by the Handel and Haydn Society.

### PART FIRST. THE CORRUPTION OF MAN. THE ANGER OF GOD. THE COVENANT WITH NOAH.

PRELUDE. *Adagio. Andante Sostenuto. Andantino.*

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And in those days the sons of men were multiplied.

In the lands of the sun, spreading on every side,  
Their tents sheltered a people robust and increasing.  
The angels, with desire, found their fair daughters pleasing;  
The sons of God came in their midst, and with them dwelt.  
Hence, did they, all disdainful of their former splendor,  
Ever yearn for the love of earthly maidens tender,  
And from their union came a race of giant frame.  
But, in succeeding ages, corrupt men became.

RECITATIVE. *Alto.* Erelong, did evil grow like leprosy, unhated.

Till men, by wicked ways, Heaven's face to outrage dared,  
And God repented Him that man he had created.

CHORUS. *Basses.* And God repented Him, *etc.*

RECITATIVE. *Air. Tenor.* Here behold, what Jehovah's voice spake and declared:

This race I'll exterminate, surely!  
For these men, accursed in their greeds,  
Have turned them away from my face,  
And have outraged me with misdeeds.

*Air. Alto.* This race I'll destroy without mercy!

For these men, *etc.*

CHORUS. This race, *etc.*

DUET. *Alto. Tenor.* All justice is despised and banished!  
All holy ties sundered have vanished!  
Crime triumphant only remains.

CHORUS. E'en as the flesh, soiled is the spirit!

Vices they commit, or inherit,  
On their children's brows leave their stains.

CHORUS. This race, *etc.*

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* But Noah found grace and compassion,  
Before the wroth face of the Lord.

*Air. Alto.* An upright man was he,  
And just in deed and word.

CHORUS. An upright man, *etc.*

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* Thus spake God:

RECITATIVE. *AIR. Bass.* "I'll no more be gracious ;  
 And the time is at hand when justice shall be heard.  
 Make an ark now of wood, lofty, broad, too, and spacious.  
 Take thy wife and thy sons, and sons' wives in with thee,  
 And choose two of each kind  
 From among all beings terrestrial,  
 In the ark let them be confined.  
 With thee and thine I'll make a covenant and alliance.  
 Haste thee now : for my work  
 Waits thy ready compliance.  
 Destroyed all the wicked shall be !"

TRIO. *Alto. Tenor. Bass.* All justice is despised, *etc.*

CHORUS. E'en as the flesh, *etc.*

This race I'll exterminate, *etc.*

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## PART SECOND. THE ARK. THE DELUGE.

RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* And Noah did as God had everything commanded.

CHORUS. Then the rains of the flood fell in torrents overwhelming,  
 And in the depths profound, of the earth and the skies,  
 With shocks terrific, dire, 'mid a darkness enthralling,  
 Dashed the waves in their might, as the winds did uprise !  
 And the sun hid his face 'neath a black veil appalling,  
 As if the shades intense would last the same always.  
 The rains from Heaven did fall unstayed through forty days,  
 And the waves overflowed all the ruined creation.  
 Driven forth by the scourge, leaving cities behind,  
 The men, lost in a maze, toward rocks and hills were fleeing ;  
 And the eagles looked down on the wide devastation.  
 Slowly rose then the flood, of all its victims certain,  
 Still deaf to their cries of dismay,  
 Covering the mountain tops as with a watery curtain,  
 Amid roarings and howls of beasts, furious for prey,  
 Clamors and wails of men, through all living creation !  
 Then all sounds died away, like a soft exhalation,  
 For every living earthly being was destroyed !  
 Floated safely, the ark, upon that sea unsounded,  
 Drifting slow toward the dark horizon, broad, unbounded,  
 'Mid the horror of night eternal, waste and void.

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## PART THIRD. THE DOVE. THE DESCENT FROM THE ARK. GOD'S BENEDICTION.

RECITATIVE. *AIR. Soprano.* Now, God remembered Noah, His promise recalling.  
 A breeze passed o'er the waves, gently rising and falling,  
 And foretold that the earth's deep gloom would soon be o'er.  
 Then did Noah, in haste, the ark window unclosing,  
 Send a raven abroad, that flew without reposing,  
 But returned nevermore.

Then sent he forth a dove, through all the waste dominions ;  
 The dove no shelter found, nor rest for her tired pinions,  
 And from this first long flight did she return at night.  
 Seven days passed by, and then once more forth she departed.  
 Now, less timidly, up through the sky she took flight.  
 From o'er the rippling waves came a light breath, sweet-scented,  
 And the sky lightened up with bright rays, as of spring,  
 All declared that the earth, revived, freshly awaking,  
 Warmly throbbed in its joy of a new life partaking,  
 And that the trial days were the last God would bring.  
 Then, for the second time, the dove came back light-hearted,  
 And brought a verdant leaflet from an olive-tree,  
 As a proof that the earth from flood once more was free.  
 After seven other days, the white-winged wanderer started,  
 And renewed her brave flight toward the mountains and shore,  
 But from this third exploit she came back nevermore !  
 Then, Noah, looking forth again, saw land outshowing,  
 Freshly verdant, and bathed in the sun's radiance, glowing.

CHORUS. He, from the ark descending, built an altar thereby,  
 Many victims unnumbered offered he at even.  
 A bow, splendid and bright, appeared high up in Heaven.

QUARTET. *Soprano. Alto. Tenor. Bass.*

And behold ! what said the Eternal from above :

“ I 'll no more curse the earth forever !

On my covenant thou shalt rely ;

And this bond henceforth none shall sever,

Now increase, grow and multiply.

And, when they shall behold this bow in Heaven shining,

All men shall recall to mind that it stands evermore,

A pledge of promise fair, of our covenant the signing,

Of the peace that I now restore ! ”

CHORUS. I 'll no more curse, *etc.*

# THE ERL-KING.

FRANZ SCHUBERT. Composed in 1815 or 1816. Published as Opus 1, at Vienna, in 1821. Dedicated to Count MORITZ VON DIETRICHSTEIN. Ballad by JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. English version by W. J. WESTBROOK. Instrumentation by HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm;  
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

*Der Vater.*

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein  
Gesicht?

*Der Sohn.*

Sieh'st, Vater, du den Erl-König nicht?  
Den Erlén König, mit Kron' und Schweif?

*Der Vater.*

Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.

*Der König.*

Du liebes Kind komm' geh' mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele, spiel' ich mit dir,  
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch' gülden Gewand.

*Der Sohn.*

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht  
Was Erlén König mir leise verspricht?

*Der Vater.*

Sey ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind,  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.

*Der König.*

Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir geh'n?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön,  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen  
Reih'n

Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich  
ein.

*Der Sohn.*

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht  
dort,

Erl-König's Töchter am düster'n Ort?

*Der Vater.*

Mein Sohn, mein Sohn ich seh' es genau;  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau!

*Der König.*

Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne  
Gestalt,

Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich  
Gewalt.

*Der Sohn.*

Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!  
Erl-König hat mir ein Leids gethan!

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind  
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,

Er reicht den Hof mit Muh' und Noth

*Recitativo.*

In seinen Armen das Kind war todt.

Who hurries so late through tempest wild?  
It is a man with his darling child.  
The boy is firmly clutched by his arm,  
And pressed beside him to keep him warm.

*The Father.*

My son, what blanches thy red cheek with  
fear?

*The Child.*

O father, look! the Erl-King is there.  
Dost thou not see him with crown and train?

*The Father.*

My son, the mist deludes thy brain.

*The Erl-King.*

Thou lovely boy, come dwell with me,  
And I will play fond games with thee;  
The flowers are blooming in every fold,  
And my mother keeps a robe of gold.

*The Child.*

My father, my father! and dost thou not hear  
The Erl-King's promises tender and clear?

*The Father.*

My darling, heed not fancies like these,  
The breathing night-wind rustles the leaves.

*The Erl-King.*

Wilt thou go with me, my charming boy?  
All my girls will wait on thy steps with joy,  
They will dance with thee when the bright  
stars peep,  
And rock thee and sing thy tired senses  
asleep.

*The Child.*

My father, my father! and do you not  
see!

The Erl-King's daughters are beckoning me.

*The Father.*

My son, my son! I see very well,  
The gray willows wave beside yonder dell.

*The Erl-King.*

My dearest, I love thee, and if thou de-  
lay,

My strong arm shall tear thee from father  
away.

*The Child.*

My father, my father! he seizes me now,  
The Erl-King has frozen my burning brow.

The father hurries, and fear lends him speed,  
Through brook and through ravine, o'er  
mountain and mead,  
He reaches home through danger and dread.

*Recitativo.*

But on his bosom the boy is dead.

JAKOB LUDWIG FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

BORN AT HAMBURG, FEBRUARY 3, 1809 . . . . . DIED AT LEIPSIK, NOVEMBER 4, 1847.

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PSALM XLIII.

Opus 78. Second of a set of three psalms included in No. 6 of posthumous publications. Composed at Berlin, for the *Domchor*, January 17, 1844. First performance by the Handel and Haydn Society.

CHORUS. WITHOUT ACCOMPANIMENT.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation Oh, deliver me from deceitful and unjust men !

For Thou art the God of my strength. Oh, why dost Thou cast me from Thee ? Wherefore mourn I because the enemy sorely oppresses me ?

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, Lord. Oh, let them lead me, and bring me unto Thy holy hill and to Thy dwelling-place !

And then will I go to the altar of God, the God of my joy and gladness. I will praise Thee upon the harp, O my God.

O my soul, why art thou cast downward, and why art thou disquieted within me ?

Hope in the Lord, O my soul ; for I will praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my gracious Lord and God.

# VOI CHE SAPETE.

*Le Nozze di Figaro.* Act II. Opera by WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. Italian text by LORENZO DA PONTE.  
Produced at Vienna, April 28, 1786.

## ARIA. *Cherubino.*

Voi che sapete  
Che cosa è amor,  
Donne, vedete  
Pio l' ho nel cor.  
Quello ch'io provo  
Vi ridirò,  
E per me nuovo,  
Capir nol sò.  
Sento un affetto  
Pien di desir,  
Ch'ora è diletto,  
Ch'ora è martir.  
Gelo, è poi sento  
L'alma avvampar,  
E in un momento  
Torno a gelar.  
Ricerco un bene  
Fuori di me,  
Non so chi'l tiene,  
Non sò cos'è.  
Sospiro, e gemo,  
Senza voler ;  
Palpito e tremo  
Senza saper ;  
Non trovo pace,  
Notte, nè dì,  
Ma pur mi piace  
Languir così.  
Voi che sapete, *etc.*

You, who of being  
In love the symptoms know,  
Ladies, pray tell me  
If I am so.  
The feeling o'er me  
To you I'll own,  
New it is to me,  
Till now unknown.  
I feel a longing  
Hard to explain,  
One moment rapture,  
The next 't is pain.  
One instant freezing,  
The next I burn,  
Then I suddenly to  
Freezing return.  
I seek a treasure  
Unknown to me,  
I know not where, nor  
What it may be.  
And, all unconscious  
I ever sigh,  
Timid, I tremble,  
And know not why.  
Thus, night and day, no  
Peace do I know,  
And yet I'm happy  
To suffer so.  
You, who of being, *etc.*

# GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL.

BORN AT HALLE, FEBRUARY 23, 1685 . . . . . DIED AT LONDON, APRIL 13, 1759.

## SOLOMON.

Composed between May 5 and June 19, 1748. Produced at the Theatre Royal, in Covent Garden, London, during the season of 1749. Fourth performance by the Handel and Haydn Society. First time, November 18, 1855.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLOMON, *Alto*.  
ZADOCK, the High Priest, *Tenor*.  
A LEVITE, *Bass*.  
AN ATTENDANT, *Tenor*.

QUEEN, Pharoah's Daughter, *Soprano*.  
NICAULE, Queen of Sheba, *Soprano*.  
TWO WOMEN, *Sopranos*.  
PRIESTS, ISRAELITES, *etc.*

### PART FIRST.

ARGUMENT. — The piety of Solomon. The dedication of the Temple. His conjugal happiness.  
— I *Kings* viii.; II *Chronicles* v., vi, vii.

OVERTURE. *Andante. Allegro moderato.*

SCENE. *Jerusalem. The Temple.*

SOLOMON, ZADOCK, PRIESTS, ELDERS, CONGREGATION of ISRAEL, *assembled at the dedication of the Temple.*

DOUBLE CHORUS. *Priests, etc.*

Your harps and cymbals sound  
To great Jehovah's praise;  
Unto the Lord of Hosts  
Your willing voices raise.

AIR. *A Levite.*

Praise ye the Lord for all His mercies past;  
Whose truth, whose justice will forever last.

RECITATIVE. *Solomon.*

Almighty Pow'r, Who rul'st the earth and  
skies,

And bade gay order from confusion rise;  
Whose gracious hand reliev'd Thy slave dis-  
tress'd,

With splendor cloth'd me, and with knowl-  
edge bless'd;

Thy finish'd Temple with Thy presence  
grace,

And shed Thy heav'nly glories o'er the place.

RECITATIVE. AIR. *Zadock.*

Imperial Solomon, thy pray'rs are heard:  
See from the opening skies,  
Descending flames involve the sacrifice.  
And lo! within the sacred dome,  
That gleamy light,  
Profusely bright,  
Declares the Lord of Hosts is come.

Sacred raptures cheer my breast;  
Rushing tides of hallowed zeal,  
Joys too fierce to be express'd,  
In this swelling heart I feel.

Warm enthusiastic fires  
In my panting bosom roll;  
Hope of bliss, that ne'er expires,  
Dawns upon my ravish'd soul.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Throughout the land Jehovah's praise record,  
For full of pow'r and mercy is the Lord.

RECITATIVE. AIR. *Solomon.*

Blest be the Lord, Who look'd with gracious  
eyes

Upon His vassal's humble sacrifice;  
And has, with an approving smile,  
My work o'erpaid, and graced the pile.

What though I trace each herb and flow'r  
That drinks the morning dew;  
Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r,  
How vain were all I knew.

*To them the QUEEN.*

RECITATIVE. *Solomon.*

And see, my Queen, my wedded love,  
You soon my tenderness shall prove;  
A palace shall erect its head,  
Of cedar built, with gold bespread;  
Methinks the work is now begun,  
The axe resounds in Lebanon.  
And see, bedeck'd with canvas wings,  
The dancing vessel lightly springs,  
While Ophir's mines, well pleased, disclose  
The wealth that in their entrails grows.

AIR. *Queen.*

Bless'd the day when first my eyes  
Saw the wisest of the wise;

Bless'd the day when I was brought  
To behold this favor'd spot.  
But completely bless'd the day  
When I heard my lover say,  
"Here I vow by truth divine  
Henceforth to be only thine."

RECITATIVE. *Zadock.*

Search round the world, there never yet was  
seen  
So wise a monarch, or so chaste a queen.

CHORUS.

May no rash intruder disturb their soft hours;  
To form fragrant pillows, arise, O ye flowers:  
Ye zephyrs soft breathing their slumber pro-  
long;  
Whilst nightingales lull them to sleep with  
their song.

## PART SECOND.

ARGUMENT.—The wisdom of Solomon. His judgment in the dispute between the two mothers.  
— 1 *Kings* iii. 16–28.

SCENE. *The Palace of Solomon.*

SOLOMON, ZADOCK, PRIESTS, LEVITES,  
ATTENDANTS.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

From the censer curling rise  
Grateful incense to the skies;  
Heav'n blesses David's throne,  
Happy, happy Solomon.  
Live forever, pious David's Son,  
Live forever, mighty Solomon.

AIR. *Levite.*

Thrice blest that wise discerning King  
Who can each passion tame,  
And mounts on Virtue's eagle wing  
To everlasting fame.  
Such shall a mighty pattern stand  
To ages yet unborn,  
To honor prompt each distant land,  
And future times adorn.

*To them an ATTENDANT.*

RECITATIVE. *Attendant.*

My sov'reign liege, — two women stand,  
And both beseech the King's command  
To enter here. Dissolved in tears,  
The one a new-born infant bears.

The other, fierce and threat'ning, loud  
Declares her story to the crowd,  
And thus she clamors to the throng:  
"Seek we the King, he shall redress our  
wrong."

*Solomon.*

Admit them straight, for when we mount the  
throne,  
Our hours are all the people's, not our own.  
ATTENDANT *goes out and returns with*  
*the two WOMEN.*

*First Woman.*

Thou Son of David, hear a mother's grief,  
Thy suppliant hear, and deign to give relief;  
This little babe — my hope and joy —  
This smiling infant is my own dear boy.  
That woman also bore a son,  
Whose vital thread was quickly spun;  
One house we both together kept,  
But once, unhappy as I slept,  
She stole, at midnight, where I lay,  
Bore my soft darling from my arms away,  
And left her child behind, a lump of lifeless  
clay;  
And now, oh impious! dares to claim  
My right alone, — a mother's name.

TRIO. *First Woman.*

Words are weak to paint my fears ;  
 Heartfelt anguish, starting tears,  
 Best shall plead a mother's cause ;  
 To thy throne, O King, I bend,  
 My cause is just, be thou my friend.

*Second Woman.*

False is all her melting tale.

*Solomon.*

Justice holds the uplifted scale.

*Second Woman.*

Then be just, and fear the laws.

RECITATIVE. *Solomon.*

What says the other to th' imputed charge ?—  
 Speak in thy turn, and tell thy wrongs at large.

*Second Woman.*

I cannot varnish o'er my tongue,  
 And color fair the face of wrong :  
 This babe is mine, the womb of earth,  
 Entomb'd, conceals her little birth.  
 Give me my child, my darling boy,  
 To cheer my breast with new-born joy.

*Solomon.*

Hear me, ye women ; and the King regard,  
 Who from the throne thus reads the just  
 award ;

Each claims alike, let both their portion  
 share ;

Divide the babe ; thus each her part shall  
 bear ;

Quick, bring the falchion, and the infant smite,  
 No further clamor for disputed right.

AIR. *Second Woman.*

Thy sentence, great King,  
 Is prudent and wise ;  
 And my hopes on the wing  
 Quick bound for the prize.  
 Contented I hear,  
 And approve the decree,  
 For at least I shall tear  
 The lov'd infant from thee.

RECITATIVE. AIR. *First Woman.*

Withhold the executing hand !

Reverse, O King, thy stern command.

Can I see my infant gor'd  
 With the fierce relentless sword ?  
 Can I see him yield his breath,  
 Smiling at the hand of death ?

And behold the purple tides  
 Gushing down his tender sides ?  
 Rather be my hopes beguil'd ;  
 Take him all, but spare my child.

RECITATIVE. *Solomon.*

Israel, attend to what your King shall say ;  
 Think not I mean the innocent to slay ;  
 The stern decision was to trace with art  
 The secret dictates of the human heart ;  
 She, who could bear the fierce decree to hear,  
 Nor send one sigh, nor shed one pious tear,  
 Must be a stranger to a mother's name ;  
 Hence from my sight, nor urge a further claim.  
 But you, whose fears a parent's love attest,  
 Receive and bind him to your beating breast ;  
 To you, in justice, I the babe restore,  
 And may you lose him from your arms no  
 more.

## CHORUS.

From the east unto the west,  
 Who so wise as Solomon ?  
 Who like Israel's king is bless'd ;  
 Who so worthy of a throne ?

RECITATIVE. AIR. *Zadock.*

From morn to eve I could enraptur'd sing  
 The various virtues of our happy King,  
 In whom, with wonder, we behold combin'd  
 The grace of feature with the worth of mind.

See the tall palm that lifts its head  
 On Jordan's sedgy side,  
 Its tow'ring branches curling spread,  
 And bloom in graceful pride.

RECITATIVE. AIR. *First Woman.*

The shepherd shall hail him, all over the plain,  
 And the soft-eyed young virgin unite in the  
 strain.

Beneath the vine or fig-tree's shade,  
 Every shepherd sings the maid  
 Who his simple heart betray'd,  
 In a rustic measure.

## CHORUS.

Swell the full chorus to Solomon's praise,  
 Record him, ye bards, as the pride of our  
 days.  
 Flow sweetly the numbers that dwell on his  
 name,  
 And rouse the whole nation in songs to his  
 fame.

PART THIRD.

ARGUMENT.—The riches, splendor, and skill of Solomon. The visit of the Queen of Sheba.—  
1 *Kings* x. 1-13; 2 *Chronicles* ix. 1-12.

SYMPHONY. *Allegro moderato.*

SCENE. *The Palace of Solomon.*

SOLOMON, QUEEN OF SHEBA, ZADOCK,  
ATTENDANTS.

RECITATIVE. *Queen of Sheba.*

From Arabia's spicy shores,  
Bounded by the hoary main,  
Sheba's Queen these seats explores,  
To be taught thy heavenly strain.

*Solomon.*

Thrice welcome Queen! with open arms  
Our court receives thee, and thy charms;  
The temple of the Lord first meets your eyes,  
Rich with the well-accepted sacrifice;  
Here all our treasures free behold,  
Where cedars lie o'erwrought with gold;  
Next, view a mansion fit for kings to own,  
Surnam'd the forest of high Lebanon,  
Where Art her utmost skill displays,  
And ev'ry object claims your praise.

AIR. *Queen of Sheba.*

Ev'ry sight these eyes behold  
Does a different charm unfold;  
Flashing gems, and sculptur'd gold,  
Still attract my ravish'd sight;  
But to hear fair truth distilling,  
In expression choice and thrilling,  
From that tongue so soft and thrilling,  
That my soul does most delight.

RECITATIVE. *Solomon.*

Sweep, sweep the string, to soothe the royal  
fair,  
And rouse each passion with th' alternate  
air.

AIR. *Solomon.* CHORUS.

Music, spread thy voice around;  
Sweetly flow the lulling sound.

AIR. *Solomon.* DOUBLE CHORUS.

Now a different measure try:  
Shake the dome and pierce the sky.  
Rouse us next to martial deeds,  
Clanging arms and neighing steeds  
Seem in fury to oppose,  
Now the hard-fought battle glows.

RECITATIVE. *Solomon.* CHORUS.

Then, at once, from rage remove,  
Draw the tear from hopeless love;  
Lengthen out the solemn air,  
Full of death and wild despair.

RECITATIVE. *Solomon.*

Next the tortur'd soul release,  
And the mind restore to peace.

AIR. *Solomon.* CHORUS.

Thus rolling surges rise,  
And plough the troubled main;  
But soon the tempest dies,  
And all is calm again.

AIR. *Zadock.*

Pious King and virtuous Queen,  
May your name resound in story,  
In time's latest annals seen,  
Crown'd with honor, crown'd with glory.

RECITATIVE. AIR. *Zadock.*

Thrice-happy King! to have achiev'd  
What scarce henceforth will be believ'd;  
When seven times around the sphere  
The sun hath led the new-born year,  
The Temple rose, to mark thy days  
With endless theme for future praise;  
Our pious David wish'd in vain,  
By this great act to bless his reign;  
But Heav'n the monarch's hopes withstood,  
For ah! his hands were stain'd with blood.  
Golden columns, fair and bright,  
Catch the mortal's ravish'd sight;  
Round their sides ambitious twine  
Tendrils of the clasping vine:  
Cherubim stand there display'd,  
O'er the ark their wings are laid;  
Ev'ry object swells with state,  
All is pious, all is great.

RECITATIVE. *Queen of Sheba.*

May peace in Salem ever dwell:  
Illustrious Solomon, farewell;  
Thy wise instructions be my future care,  
Soft as the show'rs that cheer the vernal air,  
Whose warmth bids ev'ry plant her sweets  
disclose,  
The lily wakes, and paints the op'ning rose.

RECITATIVE. *Solomon.*

Adieu, fair Queen, and in thy breast  
May peace and virtue ever rest.

DUET. *Queen of Sheba.*

Ev'ry joy that wisdom knows,  
May'st thou, pious monarch, share.

*Solomon.* Ev'ry blessing heav'n bestows,

Be thy portion, virtuous fair.  
Gently flow thy rolling days.

*Queen.* Sorrow be a stranger here ;

*Both.* May thy people sound thy praise,  
Praise unbought by price or fear.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

The name of the wicked shall quickly be  
past,

But the fame of the just shall eternally  
last.

## JUBILATE.

*An exhortation to serve God joyfully as our Creator and Preserver, and to praise Him for His goodness, mercy, and truth. A psalm of praise.*

*Psalm c.* English version from *The Book of Common Prayer*. Produced at London, July 7, 1713, with a *Te Deum*, in a solemn service of Thanksgiving for the Peace of Utrecht, concluded March 31, 1713. First performance by the Handel and Haydn Society.

SOLO. *Alto.* CHORUS. Oh, be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.

CHORUS. Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a song.

DUET. *Alto. Bass.* Be ye sure that the Lord He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

CHORUS. O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise ; be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His name.

TRIO. *Alto. Tenor. Bass.* For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is everlasting, and His truth endures from generation to generation.

CHORUS. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. *Amen.*

# NON FUGGIRE.

DUET. *William Tell.* Act I. Opera by GIOACHINO ANTONIO ROSSINI. Produced at the Royal Academy of Music, Paris, August 3, 1829.

## GUGLIELMO TELL E ARNOLDO.

*Gug.* Non fuggire ! qual mai dolor ti preme ?  
D' amico l' appressar  
A fermarti non vale ?

*Arn.* No, no !

*Gug.* Perchè tremar ?

*Arn.* (Ah, che finger tento invano.)  
Mentre opprime il fiero strano  
Ogni cor or prova il duol.

*Gug.* Io provo un duol più ch' altri vero  
(Arnoldo il suo non svela già.)

*Arn.* Altra sciagura v' ha !

*Gug.* Che dì tu ? qual mister ? perchè  
tacer ?

*Arn.* Che sperì tu ?

*Gug.* Il tuo dover membrarti, e tua virtù,  
Arnoldo.

*Arn.* Ah, Matilde, io t' amo, e amore  
Spegner debbo nel mio core,

Ma se il chiede il patrio onore

In me tregua abbia il dolor.

*Gug.* Leggo appieno nel suo core,

Della colpa ei sente orror,

Serve è vero all' oppressore  
Ma se pur fu traditore,  
Mostra almeno il suo dolore  
Che detesta un tanto error.  
Per noi dubbio, taccia, e tema  
Se v' è ardir sì vincerà.

*Arn.* In noi possa tanta v' ha ?

*Gug.* Possa immensa ha chi non trema.

*Arn.* Contro all' armi, l' oppressor,  
In voi forza ov' è ?

## WILLIAM TELL AND ARNOLD.

*Wil.* Fly not ! what trouble ails thee ?  
Cannot a friend's approach  
For a while detain thee ?

*Arn.* No, no !

*Wil.* Why dost tremble ?

*Arn.* (Ah ! vain is all dissembling.)  
While the tyrant's yoke continues,  
My heart is o'erwhelm'd with grief.  
*Wil.* My grief all others doth surpass —  
(The cause of his Arnold tells not.)

*Arn.* Other miseries await us !

*Wil.* What say'st thou ? — What mystery ?  
Why art thou silent ?

*Arn.* What dost thou desire ?

*Wil.* To recall you, Arnold, to your duty  
and honor.

*Arn.* Ah ! Matilda, dearly do I love thee ;  
But from my heart the passion I must  
root, —

If my country and my honor so demand,

The sacrifice I must cease to mourn.

*Wil.* The remorse of his heart I clearly  
read

In the blanch'd aspect of his countenance ;

That the tyrant he has serv'd is true,  
But if to us unfaithful he has been,  
His grief his repentance doth attest,  
And that his error he now regrets.

We have no need for doubt or fear, —  
If true to ourselves, we shall conquer.

*Arn.* What power do we possess ?

*Wil.* Strength enough has he who doubts  
not.

*Arn.* To meet the army of the tyrant,  
What force have we ?

- Gug.* Nel cor  
Se non manca in noi valor.  
Si cadrà l' empio stranier.
- Arn.* Quanto perdi ohimè !
- Gug.* Non calmi.
- Arn.* Gloria sperì trarne or tu ?
- Gug.* Ancor non so che sia cotesta gloria,  
Ma ben io so che sia la schiavitù.
- Arn.* La tua speranza ?
- Gug.* E la vittoria !  
In te giova sperarla.
- Arn.* Si vincerà.
- Gug.* Dubbio non v' ha.
- Arn.* Vinti, qual è il nostro asil ?
- Gug.* La tomba.
- Arn.* E il nostro gran vendicator ?
- Gug.* Il ciel.
- Arn.* Quando è l' ora del periglio,  
Io son presto fido amico.
- Gug.* Attendi. [*Odesi un suono di caccia.*]
- Arn.* Oh, momento fatal !
- Gug.* Melchtal, Melchtal ! che sento, è  
Gessler, come ?  
Mentre ei ne sprezza  
Vorresti tu piegar l' umil cervice  
Il bene a mendicar d' un bieco  
sguardo ?
- Arn.* Ah ! quei severi accenti  
Per me son duro oltraggio.  
Io volo al suo passaggio,  
Gessler a minacciar.
- Gug.* Lungi da noi precipitata impresa :  
Pensa al padre ed il proteggi ;  
Della Patria alla vendetta.
- Arn.* Mio padre !
- Gug.* (Ei dubita.)
- Arn.* La patria.
- Gug.* (E pallido.)
- Arn.* E l' amor mio !
- Gug.* (E qual è il suo mistero ?)
- Arn.* Che penso ?  
Ciel pietoso tu lo sai,  
Se Matilde è a me diletta,  
Ma virtù mi chiama e aspetta,  
Odio e morte all' oppressor.
- Gug.* Delle nozze da lungi odo il canto.  
Non s' attristi la gioja ai pastor,  
Il piacer non sia misto col pianto,  
Ed un sol dì non segni il dolor.
- Wil.* In our heart.  
If our valor fail us not,  
The tyrant will surely fall.
- Arn.* Think, should defeat await you ? —
- Wil.* I care not.
- Arn.* Dost thou hope glory thus to win ?
- Wil.* What this glory is I know not —  
But too much I know of bondage.
- Arn.* Then what dost thou hope for ?
- Wil.* Victory ! — and victory  
Through you I hope to win !
- Arn.* You expect to conquer.
- Wil.* I have no doubt of it.
- Arn.* But, if conquer'd, where our refuge ?
- Wil.* In the tomb.
- Arn.* And who will avenge our fall ?
- Wil.* Heaven !
- Arn.* When the hour of danger comes,  
Faithfully I will stand by you.
- Wil.* Listen ! [*The sound of a horn heard.*]
- Arn.* Oh, perilous moment !
- Wil.* Melchtal, Melchtal ! what do I hear ?  
'T is Gessler !  
While we are by him condemned,  
Wouldst thou, coward like, bend to  
him,  
And his scornful favor supplicate ?
- Arn.* Ah ! these words sarcastic and unkind  
An insult on my honor put ;  
On his passing, I will cross him,  
And to this Gessler bid defiance.
- Wil.* Let us do nothing rashly :  
First let thy father be made safe,  
And then our country let us free.
- Arn.* O my father !
- Wil.* (He hesitates.)
- Arn.* And my country !
- Wil.* (He turns pale.)
- Arn.* And my love !
- Wil.* (He has thoughts that he will not  
reveal.)
- Arn.* What shall I do ?  
Heaven, my thoughts thou knowest !  
How dear to me Matilda is !  
But to my country my love I yield,  
Till death th' oppressor shall lay low.
- Wil.* Afar the nuptial hymns I hear.  
Let us not the shepherds' joy abridge ;  
Let not their mirth with grief be mingled,  
Let this one day from care be free.

# THE COBBLER'S SONG.

*Der Meistersinger von Nürnberg.* Act II. Opera by RICHARD WAGNER. Produced at Munich, June 21, 1868. English text by CHARLES JAMES SPRAGUE, from the original German of WAGNER.

*Hans Sachs.* Jerum, Jerum, Halla, Hallohe !  
Oho, Tra-la-lei, Tra-la-lei, Oho !

When Eve from out the Paradise  
Of God was sent to travel,  
Her naked feet were sadly torn  
Upon the flinty gravel.  
Then grieved the Lord was He  
Her little feet to see,  
And to His angels called He there :  
"Go make the poor sinner shoes to wear ;  
And Adam, too, as on he goes,  
On every stone he strikes his toes,  
That he may safely walk, do you  
Go put some boots upon him too."

*Jerum, etc.*

O Eve ! O Eve ! thy fault it was,  
And made us all partakers,  
That for the feet of humankind  
Were angels made shoemakers.

No flinty gravel lies  
In streets of Paradise.  
Because thy youth was somewhat shy,  
My awl and thread I now must ply.  
Because old Adam trusted you,  
I wax my thread and sole my shoe  
Were't not an angel wrought in me,  
Satan might the cobbler be.

*Jerum, etc.*

O Eve, in grief and pain I call !  
Oh, hearken to my praying !  
You were the best of cobbler's work  
When you on earth were straying.  
Give me an angel's berth,  
I'm tired of work on earth ;  
And up to Heaven, oh call me now,  
I leave my boots and shoes below ;  
And when we there above shall meet,  
The world shall lie beneath our feet ;  
And I, at rest, John Sachs,  
A shoemaker and a poet too.

## O TU CHE IN SENO AGLI ANGELI.

*La Forza Del Destino.* Act III. Opera by GIUSEPPE VERDI. Italian text by F. PIÀVE. Produced at the Italian Opera House, Saint Petersburg, October 30 (November 11), 1862.

RECITATIVO E ROMANZA. *Don Alvaro.*

La vita è l'inferno all' infelice . . .  
Invano  
Morte desio ! . . . Siviglia ! . . . Leo-  
nora ! . . .  
Oh rimembranze ! . . . Oh notte  
Ch' ogni mio ben rapisti ! . . .  
Sarò infelice eternamente . . . è scritto.  
Della natal sua terra il padre volle  
Spezzar l' estranio giogo, e coll' unirsi  
All' ultima degli Incas la corona  
Gingerne confidò . . . Falli l'impresa . . .  
In un carcere nacqui, m'educava  
Il deserto ; sol vivo perchè ignota  
E mia regale stirpe ! . . . I miei parenti  
Sognaro un trono, e li destò la scure ! . . .  
Oh quando fine avran le mie sventure !  
O tu che in seno agli angeli, eternamente  
pura  
Salisti bella, incolume dalla mortal jattura,  
Non iscordar di volgere un guardo a me  
tapino,  
Che senza speme ed esule, in onta del destino,  
Pugno anelando, ah! misero, la morte d'in-  
contrar . . .  
Leonora, deh soccorrimi, pietà del mio penar.

Life is a misery for the unfortunate In vain  
I seek death . . . Seville ! . . . Leonora  
. . . O memories ! O night ! Thou hast  
taken from me all my happiness ! I shall  
ever be unhappy . . . So it is written . . .  
My father tried to make his country free,  
and to wear a crown by marrying the only  
daughter of Incas  
He was foiled in his design . . . I was born  
in prison . . . The desert educated me ;  
yet am I still living, because unknown is  
my royal descent ! My ancestors aspired  
to a throne Alas ! They were beheaded !  
Oh, when will my misfortunes cease ?

Thou who hast ascended in heaven all beau-  
tiful and pure from mortal sins.  
Do not forget to look on me a poor sufferer,  
who, without hope, fights eagerly for death  
against destiny.  
Leonora, help me and have mercy on my  
sufferings.

# OPHELIA'S DEATH.

Scene. *Hamlet.* Act VI. Opera by AMBROISE THOMAS. Produced at the Opera, Paris, March 9, 1868.

SCENA. *Ophélie.*

A vos jeux, mes amis, permettez moi de grâce  
De prendre part !  
Nul n'a suivi ma trace !  
J'ai quitté le palais aux premiers feux du jour  
Des larmes de la nuit la terre était mouillée.  
Et l'alouette avant l'aube éveillée,  
Planait dans l'air !  
Mais vous, pourquoi vous parler bas ?  
Ne me reconnaissez vous pas ?  
Hamlet est mon epoux et je suis Ophélie !  
Un doux serment nous lie,  
Il m'a donné son coeur en échange du mien.  
Et si quel qu'un vous dit  
Qu'il me fuit et m'oublie,  
N'en croyez rien !  
S'il trahissait sa foi,  
J'en perdrais la raison !  
Partagez vous mes fleurs ! a toi cette humble branche  
De romarin sauvage. A toi cette pervenche ;  
Et maintenant écoutez ma chanson.  
Pâle et blonde,  
Dort sous l'eau profonde,  
La Willis au regard de feu !  
Que Dieu garde,  
Celui qui s'attarde,  
Dans la nuit au bord du flot bleu !  
Heureuse l'épouse,  
Aux bras de l'époux !  
Mon âme est jalouse  
D'un bonheur si doux !  
Nymphé au regard de feu,  
Hélas ! tu dors sous les eaux du Lac bleu.  
La sirène passe et nous entraîne.  
Sous l'azur du Lac endormi ;  
L'air se voile ;  
Adieu blanche étoile !  
Adieu ciel, adieu doux ami !  
Heureuse l'épouse,  
Aux bras de l'époux !  
Mon âme est jalouse  
D'un bonheur si doux !  
Sous les flots endormi,  
Pour toujours adieu, mon doux ami.  
Ah ! ah ! cher époux !  
Ah ! ah ! cher amant !  
Ah ! ah ! doux aveu !  
Ah ! tendre serment, bonheur suprême.  
Ah ! cruel je t'aime !  
Cruel tu vois mes pleurs !  
Pour toi je meurs.

Fain would I take part  
 In these your rustic sports — have I your leave?  
 As yet no one hath followed me!  
 At matin's dawn the palace did I leave,  
 With hoar-frost white besprinkled was the ground,  
 The nightingale gave forth his wonted song.  
 But wherefore silent are ye thus?  
 Know ye not,  
 Hamlet is my husband,  
 And I am his Ophelia?  
 An oath doth our two hearts unite,  
*His* did he give me in exchange for mine!  
 Should any one e'er say that he hath left me,  
 Believe him not! For 'tis a falsehood!  
 To him I gave *my* heart, *his* I will ne'er restore.  
 (*Sorrowfully.*) Ah! should he play me false,  
 My reason I shall surely lose!  
 But stay, I fain would give ye flowers.  
 (*To a village maiden.*) "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."  
 (*To another.*) "There's rue for you."  
 And now a song I'll sing ye.

Fair and beauteous is the siren,  
 As she slumbers 'neath the wave,  
 But fatal is her glance, I ween!  
 Ye powers! Defend the hapless wight  
 Who, as night falls,  
 By slumber overta'en, should e'er repose  
 Too near yon crystal stream!  
 (*Mournfully.*) E'en of the love the husband bears his spouse  
 The nymph is jealous.  
 Yes, their mutual flame she doth deride!

The wily siren  
 To the river's bank doth lure him!  
 Ah! cruel one;  
 To the wat'ry depths she with him hies!  
 O azure sky, farewell!  
 O hapless one! a limpid grave hath thee engulfed!  
 E'en of the love the husband bears his spouse  
 The nymph is jealous.  
 Yes, their mutual flame she doth deride.  
 Ah! beneath the glassy wave thou'st disappeared.  
 Sleep, sleep; I ne'er shall see thee more!

He comes; his voice methinks I hear!  
 I'll punish him for tarrying so long.  
 Ye sirens fair! I'll e'en conceal myself among ye!  
 "Doubt thou the stars are fire,  
 Doubt that the sun doth move,  
 Doubt truth to be a liar,  
 But never doubt my love!"

# MIRJAM'S SIEGSGESANG.

---

Concert Aria. CARL REINECKE. Opus 74. German words by FERDINAND FREILEGRATH, after THOMAS MOORE.

*Recitativo.* Siehe, der Herr hat Grosses an uns gethan, dess' sind wir fröhlich :

*Allegro maestoso ma con moto.*

Wandelt mit Pauken das Schilfmeer entlang ;  
Der Herr hat gesiegt, uns're Kette zersprang.

*Un poco più animato.*

Singet, denn des Mächtigen Stolz ist gebrochen ;  
Sein funkeln der Heerzug, sein kriegerischer Tross.

*Quasi recitativo.*

Wie eitel ihr Rühmen !

*Un poco più tranquillo.*

Der Herr hat gesprochen,  
Und unter im Schilfmeer ging Reiter und Ross.

*Tempo primo.*

Wandelt mit Pauken das Schilfmeer entlang ;  
Der Herr hat gesiegt, uns're Kette zersprang.  
Ehre dem Herrn, dem Eroberer Ehre !  
Sein Hauch unser Schwert, und sein Wort unser Speer !  
Siehe, wer meldet dem harrenden Volk,  
Dem Volke den Fall seiner Tausende ? Keiner entrann !

*Recitativo.*

Der Herr seh hervor aus der feurigen Wolke,  
Und warf in die Fluthen sie, Wagen und Mann !

*Tempo primo.*

Wandelt mit Pauken das Schilfmeer entlang ;  
Der Herr hat gesiegt, uns're Kette zersprang.

*Animato.*

Ehre dem Herrn, der Herr hat gesiegt  
Und der Stolz des Mächtigen ist gebrochen.

*Tempo primo.*

Ehre dem Herrn !

---

And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. — *Exodus* xv. 20.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.

Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave.  
 How vain was their boasting! The Lord hath but spoken,  
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.  
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!  
 Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!  
 His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!  
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?  
 For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,\*  
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.  
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!  
 Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.

\* And it came to pass that, in the morning-watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians. — *Exodus* xiv. 24.

## AWAKE, SATURNIA!

*Semele*. Opera, "after the manner of an oratorio," by GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL. Composed between June 3 and July 4, 1743. Produced at Covent Garden Theatre, London, during the Lent of 1744.

### RECITATIVE. ARIA. *Juno*.

Awake, Saturnia, from thy lethargy!  
 Seize, destroy the cursed Semele!  
 Scale proud Cithæron's top,  
 Snatch her, tear her in thy fury,  
 And down to the flood of Acheron  
 Let her fall, let her fall, fall,  
 Rolling down the depths of night,  
 Nevermore to behold the light!  
 If I the imperial sceptre sway, I swear by  
     Hades  
 (Tremble, thou universe, this oath to hear),  
 Not one of curst Agenor's race to spare!

Hence, Iris, hence away!  
 Far from the realms of day,  
 O'er Scythian hills to the Mæotian Lake,  
 A speedy flight we'll take!  
 There Somnus I'll compel  
 His downy bed to leave, and silent cell.  
 With noise and light I will his peace molest,  
 Nor shall he sink again to pleasing rest  
 Till to my vowed revenge he grants supplies,  
 And seals with sleep the wakeful dragon's  
     eyes.  
 Hence, Iris, hence! *etc.*

# LA CALANDRINA.

---

*The Canary Bird.* NICCOLO JOMMELLI. (1714-1774.) English text by permission of G. SCHIRMER, New York.

Chi vuol comprar la bella calandrina,  
Chi canta da mattina in fino a sera ?  
    Chi vuol, chi vuol comprarla  
    Venga a contratto. Venga ! venga !  
Sempre a buon patto la venderò !  
    La bella calandrina,  
    Chi vuol, chi vuol comprarla !  
    Chi ? Venga !  
Sempre a buon patto la venderò !

---

Oh ! who will buy the beautiful canary  
That warbles every morn and eve so gayly ?  
    Who wishes now to buy her ?  
    Come, make an offer ! Come, now ! come, now !  
A bargain 't is, such as ne'er was seen !  
    The beautiful canary,  
    Who wishes now to buy her ?  
    Who ? Come, now !  
A bargain 't is, such as ne'er was seen !

# DE GIORNI MIEI.

---

*Il Duca d' Ebro.* Opera by PAOLA LA VILLA.

De giorni miei è speme è vita,  
Angiol diletto eri tu ognor ;  
Con te perdei ed è sparita,  
La gioja ahi lasso da questo cor.  
Pietosi, Numi, fate che ancora  
Lieta l' aurora sorga per me ;  
O, il fil troncata di questa vita  
Che m'è abborrita se amor perdè.

---

Oh, happy days, when life was nought but bliss,  
When thy heart beat with mine in purest love !  
With thee are lost to me all joy and hope,  
And only grief remains within my heart.  
Pity, kind Heaven, and let thy gracious light  
Again fling hope's Aurora round her head.  
Are all prayers vain ? Then bid my poor heart break,  
And let our spirits meet in thy bright realms.

---

# EMPIO, DIRÒ, TU SEI.

---

*Giulio Cesare.* Opera by GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL. Produced at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket (The Royal Academy of Music), London, 1723.

Empio, dirò, tu sei  
Toglete agl' occhi miei !  
Sei tutto crudelta ;  
No è di Re quel cor,  
Che donassi al rigor,  
Che in sen non ha pietà.

Accursed thou art, I say !  
Hence, from my sight away !  
He is no king at heart  
Whom cruel passions sway,  
Or tempers not his thoughts and deeds  
With mercy's kindlier ray.

# SIEGMUND'S LOVE-SONG.

---

*Die Walküre.* Act I. Opera by RICHARD WAGNER. Produced at Munich June 24, 1870 English text, in the alliterative verse of WAGNER'S original, by ALFRED FORMAN, London, 1873.

Winter storms have waned  
at the wakening May,  
and mildly spreads  
his splendor the Spring  
he buoys himself  
on bending breezes,  
wonders last  
along his way ;  
over field and forest  
floats his freshness,  
wide with laughter  
wakes his look.  
He sounds in boundless singing  
of buoyant birds,  
sweetening breath  
his bosom swells ;  
from his blood are warmed and wakened  
wildering blossoms,  
seed and shoot  
from his heart he sends.  
With winsome weapons' flash  
he forces the world ;  
winter and storm have waned  
at his steadfast war ;  
with dint of his dreadless strokes  
the stubborn doors he has daunted,  
whose hindering hinge  
withheld us from him.  
To find his sister  
he sets his flight,  
by Love was lured the Spring  
behind our hearts  
she deeply was hid ;  
now let her laugh to the light.  
The bride and the sister  
is free to the brother ;  
the walls are waste  
that held them away ;  
greeting together  
they shout as they go,  
for Spring has lighted on love !

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Coombs, A. D.		Sylvester, C. T.
Cory, B.	Leonard, F. O.	
	Leonard, J. A.	Thompson, J. A.
Dalsell, J. W.	Lloyd, A. J.	
Danforth, C. H.	Long, F. E.	Vose, E. C.
Daniell, M. G.	Lovering, W. H.	
Daniels, G. F.	Lowder, W. J.	
		Wadleigh, W. H.
Eaton, E. R.	Mandell, M. J.	Warren, G. W.
Eaton, W. B.	Marindin, H. L.	Washburn, G. W. C.
Eaton, W. R.	Mills, J. L.	Webster, G. H.
Eldridge, L. N.	Morton, C. B.	Wells, H. G.
Ellis, R. W.	Munroe, J. W.	Wilcox, P.
Emerson, F. W.		Williams, R. F.
Eveleth, H. F.	Newton, J. F.	Wilson, G. H.
	Niebuhr, C. E.	Wiswell, D. W.
Faunce, E. P.	Nolen, S.	Wiswell, W. D.
Fuller, C. E.	Noyes, C. C.	Woods, G. H.
Fuller, L. L.		Woodward, I.

## BASSES.

*Superintendents*,—Mr. G. F. MILLIKEN, Mr. J. A. PRAY.

Ackers, A. S.	Hall, Thomas H.	Pendleton, R.
Adams, W. A.	Harlow, William H.	Perkins, C. C.
Andrews, J. D.	Harris, John A.	Perkins, W. O.
Barri, J. A.	Hatch, C. R.	Phelps, W. B.
Beeching, Richard.	Hatch, C. W.	Pierce, V. R.
Billings, J. D.	Hill, J. E. R.	Powers, J. F.
Blackman, H. P.	Hillard, J. L.	Pratt, A. J.
Blake, William A.	Holmes, W. A.	Pray, H. S.
Blodgett, G. W.	Hooper, Thomas, Jr.	Pray, John A.
Bowen, B. J.	Howe, L. N.	Proctor, Alfred N.
Bradbury, W. F.	Howell, W. I.	Putnam, Isaac H.
Brown, George T.	Howes, A. N.	
Brown, Henry B.	Hunnell, George W.	Rand, Edwin R.
Browne, A. Parker.	Huntley, R. J.	Reed, Arthur.
Bunton, W. H.	Hyde, William J.	Richards, W. A.
Burbank, E. A.		Richardson, G. E.
	Jenks, F. H.	Roberts, T. L.
Campbell, T. W.	Johnston, A. S.	Robinson, S. F.
Carey, Henry G.	Jones, Edward A.	Robinson, Tilon.
Chapin, Eben H.	Jones, James W.	
Chase, J. H.	Keene, F. B.	Sargent, S. A.
Chase, J. Q.		Sawyer, J. S.
Chase, P. F.	Lamb, Henry W.	Scamman, J. B.
Chickering, George H.	Lander, J. R.	Shepard, Walter.
Clarke, C. A.	Laws, D. L.	Smith, E. H.
Cook, Lowell M.	Leach, L., Jr.	Smith, Frederick M.
Cooper, Henry E.	Leonard, A. M.	Smith, Richard W.
Croft, J. T.	Leonard, F. A.	Stickney, Edward.
	Lincoln, J. M.	Stone, C. W.
Dame, Frederick.	Lincoln, N. F.	Stover, Theophilus.
Daniell, William.	Lindsey, George W.	Sturtevant, G. H.
Draper, Martin, Jr.	Lowell, R. M.	
Dunnells, H. B.		Titus, W. L.
Dutemple, William.	Marston, A. T.	Tompson, John G., Jr.
	Marston, Charles L.	Turner, Elisha.
Elder, R. J.	McWiggin, Frank E.	Tuttle, A. T.
Ellis, F. O.	Meador, George H.	
Estle, John W.	Merritt, F. R.	Underwood, A. R.
	Milliken, George F.	
Faulkner, E. D.	Morris, Thomas D.	Wales, S. Walter.
Fenellosa, W. S.	Munroe, George H.	Ware, Frank T.
Fisher, Horace B.		Warren, W. F.
Frost, W. S.	Newell, F. H.	Wheelwright, Josiah.
Fullerton, C. R.	Nowell, John A.	Whitney, R. S.
	Noyes, T. M.	Whitney, W. L.
Gage, Horace F.		Wilde, Hiram.
Greene, Herbert E.	Odiorne, John W.	Williams, James.
Guyer, Lewis B.		Windram, W. J.
	Palmer, L. M.	Wiswell, George C.
Hadley, S. H. O.	Payson, W. H.	Worcester, William.
Hagar, E. B.	Pearson, J. H. S.	Wright, R. P.

## RECAPITULATION.

SOPRANOS . . . . .	162	TENORS . . . . .	97
ALTOS . . . . .	144	BASSES . . . . .	136
TOTAL . . . . .	539	VOICES.	
LIBRARIAN FOR CHORUS . . . . .		MR. S. M. BEDLINGTON.	
DOORKEEPER . . . . .		MR. F. A. KEMP.	

# HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

FORMED MARCH 30, 1815. ORGANIZED APRIL 13 AND 20, 1815. INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 9, 1816.

## LIST OF WORKS PERFORMED DURING SIXTY-FIVE SEASONS.

PREPARED BY THE LIBRARIAN OF THE SOCIETY.

Composer.	Title.	First Time.	Number of Times.	Last Time.
<i>Bach.</i>	St. Matthew Passion.	May 8, 1874.	3.	Apl. 11, 1879.
	Christmas Oratorio, Parts I., II.	May 17, 1877.	2.	Dec. 23, 1877.
<i>Beethoven.</i>	Mount of Olives.	Mar. 24, 1833.	8.	Mar. 19, 1837.
	Engedi.	Feb. 6, 1853.	4.	Feb. 27, 1853.
	Ninth Symphony.	Apl. 2, 1853.	6.	May 6, 1874.
	Woman of Samaria.	May 13, 1871.	1.	
<i>Berlioz.</i>	Flight into Egypt.	Feb. 9, 1879.	2.	Nov. 23, 1879.
<i>Buck.</i>	Psalm XLVI.	May 7, 1874.	2.	Feb. 6, 1875.
<i>Buhler.</i>	Mass. F.	Dec. 13, 1829.	2.	Mar. 27, 1831.
<i>Costa.</i>	Eli.	Feb. 15, 1857.	4.	Nov. 27, 1864.
	Naaman.	Mar. 27, 1869.	2.	Dec. 26, 1869.
<i>Donizetti.</i>	Martyrs.	Dec. 16, 1849.	7.	Jan. 27, 1850.
<i>Handel.</i>	Messiah.	Dec. 25, 1818.	70.	Dec. 28, 1879.
	Dettingen Te Deum.	Apl. 1, 1819.	3.	Mar. 1, 1862.
	Samson.	Jan. 26, 1845.	33.	May 18, 1877.
	Judas Maccabæus.	Dec. 5, 1847.	16.	Apl. 13, 1879.
	Solomon.	Nov. 18, 1855.	3.	Dec. 9, 1855.
	Israel in Egypt.	Feb. 13, 1859.	6.	Mar. 28, 1880.
	St. Cecilia's Day.	Nov. 28, 1863.	2.	Dec. 6, 1863.
	Jephtha.	Feb 17, 1867.	1.	
	Joshua.	Apl. 16, 1876.	2.	Apl. 1, 1877.
	Creation.	Feb. 16, 1819.	60.	Apl. 21, 1878.
	Mass. B flat.	Jan. 18, 1829.	11.	Mar. 19, 1837.
	Storm.	Nov. 21, 1830.	7.	Feb. 5, 1837.
<i>Haydn.</i>	Te Deum. C.	Mar. 27, 1831.	1.	
	Seasons.	Apl. 28, 1875.	1.	
	Song of Victory.	May 17, 1877.	1.	
	Ode to Washington.	Feb. 26, 1832.	2.	Feb. 22, 1835.
	Remission of Sin.	Oct. 2, 1836.	1.	
<i>King.</i>	Intercession.	Feb. 6, 1821.	4.	Jan. 25, 1825.
<i>Marcello.</i>	Psalm XVIII.	May 17, 1877.	1.	
<i>Mendelssohn.</i>	St. Paul.	Jan. 22, 1843.	10.	Mar. 6, 1878.
	Elijah.	Feb. 13, 1848.	44.	May 2, 1879.
	Hymn of Praise.	Apl. 10, 1858.	17.	Feb. 9, 1879.
	Psalm XLII.	May 13, 1866.	2.	Nov. 23, 1867.
	Psalm XCV.	May 5, 1868.	1.	
	Christus.	May 7, 1874.	1.	
	Hear my Prayer.	May 7, 1874.	3.	Oct. 28, 1877.
	Mass. C.	Apl. 12, 1829.	1.	
<i>Mozart.</i>	Mass. Requiem.	Jan. 18, 1857.	2.	Mar. 29, 1857.

Composer.	Title.	First Time.	Number of Times.	Last Time.
<i>Nicolai.</i>	Overture. <i>Ein' feste Bürg.</i>	Nov. 28, 1863.	5.	May 9, 1871.
<i>Neukomm.</i>	David.	Feb. 28, 1836.	57.	Apl. 10, 1859.
	Hymn of the Night.	Oct. 1, 1837.	4.	Apl. 23, 1843.
	Mount Sinai.	Oct. 4, 1840.	7.	Aug. 21, 1841.
<i>Paine.</i>	Saint Peter.	May 9, 1874.	1.	
<i>Parker.</i>	Redemption Hymn.	May 17, 1877.	3.	Feb. 9, 1879.
<i>Romberg.</i>	Power of Song.	Nov. 4, 1838.	2.	Nov. 11, 1838.
	Transient and Eternal.	Nov. 14, 1841.	7.	Dec. 15, 1844.
<i>Rossini.</i>	Stabat Mater.	Feb. 26, 1843.	26.	Oct. 28, 1877.
	Moses in Egypt.	Dec. 21, 1845.	45.	Feb. 29, 1868.
<i>Saint-Saëns.</i>	Noël.	May 17, 1877.	2.	Dec. 23, 1877.
<i>Spohr.</i>	Last Judgment.	Mar. 20, 1842.	8.	Mar. 17, 1844.
<i>Sullivan.</i>	Prodigal Son.	Nov. 23, 1879.	1.	
<i>Verdi.</i>	Mass. Requiem.	May 5, 1878.	2.	Nov. 24, 1878.

THE following table shows the number of concerts given each year from December 25, 1815, up to March 28, 1880:—

1815.....1	1829.....5	1842.....15	1855.....11	1868.....15
1816.....2	1830.....6	1843.....18	1856.....6	1869.....6
1817.....5	1831.....5	1844.....18	1857.....11	1870.....6
1818.....9	1832.....8	1845.....20	1858.....9	1871.....16
1819.....6	1833.....14	1846.....23	1859.....7	1872.....4
1820.....6	1834.....17	1847.....14	1860.....1	1873.....7
1821.....8	1835.....13	1848.....19	1861.....5	1874.....13
1822.....8	1836.....16	1849.....10	1862.....5	1875.....6
1823.....5	1837.....15	1850.....8	1863.....5	1876.....4
1824.....6	1838.....11	1851.....11	1864.....6	1877.....13
1825.....4	1839.....17	1852.....9	1865.....13	1878.....5
1826.....5	1840.....19	1853.....12	1866.....4	1879.....6
1827.....4	1841.....16	1854.....14	1867.....8	1880.....1
1828.....4				

The concert given March 28, 1880, was the six hundred and nineteenth.

The concerts were given in the following places:—

Stone Chapel.	Nos. 1 to 7.	Dec. 25, 1815, to April 8, 1817.
First Church, Chauncy Place.	No. 8.	July 5, 1817.
Boylston Hall.	Nos. 9 to 199.	Mar. 20, 1818, to Nov. 3, 1839.
Melodeon.	Nos. 200 to 396.	Dec. 29, 1839, to April 4, 1852.
Music Hall.	Nos. 397 to 462.	Nov. 20, 1852, to Dec. 19, 1858.
Boston Theatre.	Nos. 463 and 473.	Dec. 26, 1858, and Mar. 17, 1861.
Music Hall.	Nos. 464 to 540.	Feb. 13, 1859, to April 17, 1870.
Beethoven Festival, New York.	No. 541.	June 16, 1870.
Music Hall.	Nos. 542 to 566.	Dec. 19, 1870, to Feb. 9, 1873.
Coliseum.	No. 563.	June 24, 1872.
Steinway Hall, New York.	Nos. 567, 568, 570.	April 22, 23, 26, 1873.
Academy of Music, Brooklyn.	No. 569.	April 24, 1873.
Music Hall.	Nos. 571 to 601.	Dec. 21, 1873, to May 20, 1877.
Tabernacle.	Nos. 602, 603, 604.	June 5, 20, Oct. 10, 1877.
Music Hall.	Nos. 605 to 619.	Oct. 28, 1877, to March 28, 1880.

The enumeration of performances does not, as a rule, include occasions when portions of the works named were presented. Previous to the production in complete form of several large works,—notably *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, *The Seasons*, *The Passion Music*,—parts were sung. Numerous composers and works besides those named in the list have been represented by solos, concerted movements, or choruses. Excluded, also, with a few exceptions, are those occasions when the Society was a part of a large choral force, or which were not directly under its control, such as benefit concerts and public services of rejoicing or mourning. The Society took part in the opening ceremonies at the Crystal Palace, New York, in 1854; at the Beethoven Centenary Festival, New York, June, 1870; and in a series of concerts in conjunction with Theodore Thomas's orchestra, at Steinway Hall, New York, and the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, April, 1873. These several occasions are, as already stated, mostly omitted from the above lists, as are also the concerts of the Peace Jubilees in Boston, June, 1869, and June, 1872, with the single exception of a performance of *Israel in Egypt*, in June, 1872.

The list shows that the Society has brought out in sixty-five seasons fifty-four important choral works, of which there were few that had previously been sung in Boston, or even in the United States.

The Society has held six festivals. The first occurred in 1857. The fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Society was held in May, 1865. Triennial festivals have since been regularly held in 1868, 1871, 1874, and 1877, in the month of May.

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Programmes of the following dates are needed to complete a collection for the Society's library:—

1815, December 25, to December 31, 1843.	1854, January 8, February 5, 12, 19, March 5, 12, 19, December 10.
1844, March 10, November 10, to February 25, 1849.	1855, January 7, 14, November 25, December 9.
1849, December 16, 23.	1856, March 30, April 6.
1850, December 29.	1865, November 19.
1851, January 5, December 14, 21, 28.	1870, June 16 (New York).
1852, February 15, March 28.	
1853, February 13, March 6, April 2, May 1.	

The librarian earnestly requests that any member or friends of the Society having programmes of the above dates will send them to him. The collection is in a durable form.

JOHN H. STICKNEY, *Librarian*.

87 DARTMOUTH STREET, BOSTON.

## LIST OF ORGANISTS,

With date of Election, since the formation of the Society.

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- Mr. SAMUEL STOCKWELL, for the first three concerts.  
Mr. S. P. TAYLOR, of New York, for the four concerts succeeding.  
Mr. SAMUEL A. COOPER, elected January 12, 1818.  
Mr. J. B. TAYLOR, officiated July 1, 1818.  
Mr. S. P. TAYLOR, elected November 7, 1818.  
Miss S. HEWITT, elected January 10, 1820, and annually thereafter for nine years.  
Her name appears on the records as Mrs. S. Ostinelli, September 6, 1822.  
Mr. CHARLES ZEUNER, elected September 24, 1830, and annually thereafter for seven years.  
Mr. A. U. HAYTER, elected in 1838, again June 18, 1839, and June 19, 1849.  
Mr. G. F. HAYTER, elected June 10, 1848, and August 20, 1850.  
Mr. F. F. MUELLER, elected September 7, 1852.  
Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, elected September 25, 1857.  
Mr. B. J. LANG, elected September 15, 1859; and has officiated at every concert subsequently, with few exceptions.
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## LIST OF CONDUCTORS.

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IN the early days of the Society, and for many years succeeding, the president officiated as conductor, in accordance with a provision in the By-Laws. The first conductor elected was

- Mr. CHARLES E. HORN, July 23, 1847, and again June 10, 1848.  
Mr. CHARLES C. PERKINS, President of the Society, assumed the *baton* during the season 1850-51.  
Mr. J. E. GOODSON, elected August 15, 1851.  
Mr. GEORGE J. WEBB, elected August 31, 1852.  
Mr. CARL BERGMANN, elected November 23, 1852.  
Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, elected August 24, 1854; since which, every concert by the Society, with few exceptions, has been given under his direction.

## OUTLINE OF THE SOCIETY'S HISTORY.

THE Handel and Haydn Society is the largest, and, with one exception,\* the oldest living musical organization in the United States. It dates from March 30, 1815, when sixteen gentlemen met in answer to an invitation dated six days before, signed by Gottlieb Graupner, Thomas Smith Webb, and Asa Peabody, to consider the expediency of forming a society for cultivating and improving a correct taste in the performance of sacred music, and also to introduce into more general practice the works of Handel, Haydn, and other eminent composers. At a second meeting, a fortnight later, a set of rules was adopted, and Matthew S. Parker was elected Secretary. The first board of government was completed at the third meeting, April 20, 1815, by the election of Thomas Smith Webb as President, Amasa Winchester as Vice-President, and Nathaniel Tucker, Treasurer, and nine others as Trustees. The state of music in Boston was at this time very low. The Massachusetts Musical Society, formed in 1807, was extinct. The Philoharmonic Society—for orchestral music only—was still in existence; but of professional musicians there was probably not a score in the town. The Society's first musical utterances were from *The Lock Hospital* and other collections of hymn tunes then in general use in New England. By degrees, and as its numbers grew, music of a higher order was rehearsed. Early in September, 1815, the project of a "public exhibition" assumed importance; and on the night of the following Christmas, at the Stone Chapel, in the presence of a thousand auditors, the Society gave to the public the first taste of its quality. The chorus numbered about a hundred, of which perhaps ten were ladies; an orchestra of less than a dozen and an organ furnished the accompaniments. The programme was long and varied, and included selections from *The Creation* and *The Messiah*, and other works by Handel. An enthusiastic journalist declared that there was "nothing to compare with it," and that the Society was now "the wonder of the nation." The concert was repeated on the 18th of January following. The State Legislature having granted, February 9, 1816, a special charter, wherein the purpose of the Society to "extend the knowledge and improve the style of church music" was recognized, a new code of rules was framed, and other means adopted to strengthen the efficiency of the organization. The records of the first decade furnish abundant evidence of the poverty of the musical resources of Boston. With the hope of securing better organists than were available at home, liberal offers were made to musicians in New York and Philadelphia. On one occasion there was an undisguised fear that a certain concert must be postponed in consequence of the want of an organist. In the early concerts the solos were sung by members of the choir. The first engagement of a professional vocalist was that of Mr. Thomas Phillips, in April, 1818, to whom was paid the extraordinary sum of four hundred dollars for two concerts. Among the eminent artists who have appeared at the Society's concerts have been the following: English—Mmes. Anna Bishop, Patey, Parepa Rosa, Catherine Hayes, and Edith Wynne; Messrs. Braham, Cummings, Hatton, Incedon, Patey, Henry Phillips, and Santley; Continental—Mmes. Alboni, Caradori-Allen, Grisi, Nilsson, Rudersdorf, Sontag, and Tietjens (whose last appearance in America was at a concert by the Society); Messrs. Formes, Stigelli, Mario; American—Misses Annie Cary, Clara Louise Kellogg, Antoinette Sterling; Messrs. Charles R. Adams, Thomas Ball, the eminent sculptor, Myron W. Whitney, and many others. It was not until the seventeenth concert, December 25, 1818, that a complete oratorio was performed. This was *The Messiah*. Liberal selections from the work had, however, been given at the previous concerts. The number of concerts given during a season has varied in accordance with the public demand; it has been as low as one and as high as twenty-three. Very rarely during the past twenty-five years has a concert been omitted at Easter-tide; and more rarely still has Christmas passed without the performance of *The Messiah*. The support of the Society is nearly all derived from the profits of its concerts. New members pay an initiation fee of five dollars, and it has sometimes been necessary to levy a special assessment to pay off outstanding debts. There is a permanent trust fund, the nucleus of which was formed from the earnings of the Festival of 1865, and which by subsequent earnings, interest, bequests, and donations now amounts to over \$12,000. The income is available at the discretion of the board of government. In pursuance of its avowed purpose to improve the style of church music, the Society in its earlier days published several volumes of anthem and hymn tunes, established lectures on musical topics, and formed singing classes. The publications quickly became standard, and large profits were realized from their sale. Oratorios were published under its supervision. By these means, and by the generally high standard of its concerts, the Society has largely contributed to the elevation of musical taste in Boston, and has prompted the formation of similar associations all over the Union. The number of members, active and retired (the latter a voluntary condition after twenty years' service), is about three hundred. The active choral force is over five hundred strong. The female choristers have never been members, technically, the system of annually inviting the aid of their voices having obtained *ab initio*. Rehearsals are regularly held on Sunday nights, during the season (October to April inclusive), and the majority of the concerts also occur on Sundays. The annual election of officers is held in May.

F. H. J.

\* The Stoughton Musical Society, formed November 7, 1786.

NOTES,  
DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL,  
OF THE  
CHORAL WORKS PERFORMED.



# NOTES, DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL,

ON THE

PRINCIPAL CHORAL WORKS TO BE PERFORMED.

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PREPARED FOR THE FESTIVAL BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

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## HANDEL'S "UTRECHT JUBILATE."

THE *Utrecht Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were written thirty years before Handel's greater *Dettingen Te Deum*. They belong, in fact, to the period in which he was mainly engaged in the production of Italian operas, and before he had turned his attention to the oratorio. Chrysander is astonished not only by the contrapuntal art displayed in this work, but still more by the fact that Handel, at the age of twenty-eight years, should have gained the ripe experience here shown in religious matters. "At the same time that he was cultivating soft Italian love strains, we see him also leading a serious inward life, which, from time to time, excited by joyful experiences of his fellow-men, broke out with power." The same writer adds: —

"The genesis of this composition can be traced. With this work for the church, Handel came nearer to the old English masters than in the Italian operas. Purcell, twenty years before, had also set a *Te Deum* with *Jubilate* for the festival of St. Cecilia's day, which was performed at least once a year, and was universally regarded as the greatest composition on that text, — indeed, as unsurpassable. This work Handel laid before him as a model. The relationship is as great as could be without positive equality. Commonly, the chorus with Handel is what the chorus is with Purcell; and it is the same with the solos. Nay, in the *Jubilate*, the identity of plan goes so far that, in both works, the words 'Be sure that the Lord' form a duet in A minor, and the following, 'O, go your way into his gates,' an Alla Breve chorus. Frequently little passages have almost the same tones. With such inward spiritual affinity as existed between Handel and Purcell, their *Te Deums* must have become similar, even if Handel had never heard of the work of his predecessor. Handel made his first *Te Deum* after Purcell, just as much as he made his last, the *Dettingen*, after Urio. But here you may seek in vain for the faintest shadow of a plagiarism. Purcell's *Jubilate* can least bear the comparison; it lacks the deep and devout poetry of Handel's. Good music it is always, but after Handel's mightier work it takes but little hold."

The *Jubilate*, with its short, trumpet-toned introduction, is well suited for performance separately from the *Te Deum*, although it consists of only six mostly short, but elaborate pieces. The opening chorus, an exhortation to holy joy, sprang from a Latin psalm, "Laudate pueri," which Handel had composed in Rome in 1707. A single voice, following the hint of the trumpet in the prelude, first unfolds the theme, dwelling long on the first note, "O"; then proceeding in rapturous roulades, "be joyful in the Lord," the last tone again held out, and finishing the florid melody on "all ye lands," with a hold of several measures upon "all." The chorus takes up the strain with emulous response and imitation in four parts. This is all inspiring and brief, and in the key of D.

2. The next chorus, still in D, "Serve the Lord with gladness," begins with a short, joyful fugue theme in four parts, and while the same goes on in the orchestra, a counter-theme in long notes, descending from the fifth to the key-note, sings, "and come before his presence with a song." Afterwards the soprano is divided into two parts, for the fuller expansion of theme and counter-theme in double fugue.

3. The next sentence, "Be ye sure that the Lord he is God," etc., is naturally in a more thoughtful strain, a duet for alto and bass, in A minor, of great beauty and tenderness.

4. Five-part chorus, *Alla Breve*, in F, "O go your way into his gates." This might stand by itself as a most beautiful, poetic, spiritual motet. The voice parts move in smooth and even half notes, almost uniformly, while the string quartet supplies a modestly ornate counterpoint, all in a cheerful, tranquil, and contented strain, and full of lovely sequences. In expression it is as simple, heart-felt, and naive as possible, yet in its uniformity there is no taint of commonplace: it is sincere religious music; the consummate art conceals itself.

5. "The Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting," etc. Here again, by way of relief between two great choruses, Handel treats one of the gentler texts in an individual form, making a trio for two altos (or tenors) and bass. It has "so much warmth and pathos, that it requires but a slight breath to make it blaze up again into the bright flames of the chorus."

6. The *Jubilate* ends, as it began, in the bright key of D, with two strong, brilliant choruses: the first an eight-part *Gloria*, or ascription, the voices all in uniform long notes, with an active figurative accompaniment, followed by a five-part fugued chorus, "As it was in the beginning," etc., and "Amen," forming a splendid climax to the work.

The additional accompaniments by Robert Franz are used in this performance.

## HANDEL'S "SOLOMON."

LESS uniformly sublime in subject and in treatment than the *Messiah* or *Israel*, this oratorio has all the noble Handelian characteristics: choruses ranging through a great variety of expression, from the most grand and solemn or triumphant to the most graceful, pleasing, and descriptive; songs, duets, and recitatives, which, though they must be somewhat tedious if given entire and by any but the best of solo singers, are yet full of character and beauty; instrumental accompaniments, limited to the orchestral resources of those days and somewhat homely in their lack of richer modern coloring, yet always apt and strong by the pure force of musical ideas. In England and Germany it has been customary for some competent musician to fill in new orchestral parts, whenever *Solomon* has been performed.

The following brief sketch of the contents of the work is gathered from a somewhat hasty perusal of the original score, with its spare instrumentation; consisting only, in addition to the string quartet, of a pair of oboes (mostly in unison with the violins), a pair of bassoons (mostly in unison with the bass), flutes for nightingales, and occasionally, in the grand triumphal double choruses, a pair of trumpets and of horns, with tympani. We make no reference to passages necessarily omitted on account of the extreme length of the oratorio.

First we have an overture in the manner of the day, most meagrely instrumented, — only strings and oboes, running with the violins, — vigorous and quaint, as Handel always is, forming a homogeneous prelude to the whole, and not an abstract of it, like our modern overtures. A simple *Largo* movement leads into a fugued *Allegro* (4-4 measure), which winds up with a few *Adagio* chords, and is followed by a moderate movement in 3-4, suggestive of coming pomp and majesty. This is all in B flat.

No. 2 (same key) is a double chorus of priests, a spirited movement, commenced by the basses of both choirs in stately unison, "Your harps and cymbals sound to great Jehovah's praise." The voices pause, there are ten or twelve bars of lively instrumental symphony, and then the phrases, "Your harps," etc., and "Sound, sound," are passed from chorus to chorus in light and joyous harmony; then, while the tenors on both sides give out the syllables, "To great Jehovah's name," in long, majestic notes, the sopranos of one choir introduce a new theme, with florid accompaniment by the altos, "Unto the Lord of hosts your willing voices raise"; the different phrases alternate from part to part, and the whole is worked up with great brilliancy and majesty, with all a Handel's learning, all the eight voices coming together upon long notes of plain harmony at the end. It is truly a sublime chorus, and the echoes take some time to spend themselves in the instrumental symphony, after the voices have ceased.

No. 5 introduces us to Solomon, a part for the alto voice. (In the performance here in 1855, by what strange precedent we never knew, the part of Solomon was given to the baritone!) It is a recitative, with beautiful, slowly flowing, pensive introductory symphony, in which he invokes God's presence in the "finished temple."

No. 6. Zadoc, the priest (tenor), recites, "Imperial Solomon, thy prayers are heard"; fire

from heaven lights the altar; and then he sings an animated, florid air, "Sacred raptures," etc., which has all the mannerism of Handel, the roudades, etc., but is full of expression, especially the second strain, in the minor, "Warm enthusiastic fires," etc.

No. 8. Four-part chorus, "Throughout the land Jehovah's praise record," in uniform, quick-stepping Alla Breve time; a model of simple, noble fugue. As the emulous voices become heated they finally divide into double chorus. The whole is grand and solemn.

Nos. 9 and 10. Recitative of thanksgiving and air by Solomon, "What tho' I trace," etc.; an exquisitely sweet, chaste, tender melody.

Nos. 11 and 12. Now comes what may be called the idyllic portion, of which the key-note is the bliss of wedded love. Solomon recites, "And see, my Queen." To this the queen replies in a 6-8 Allegro, in A, quite fantastical in its rhythmical divisions; a sort of quaint and florid pastoral, blessing

The day when first my eyes  
Saw the wisest of the wise,

and subsiding into a slower and more emphatic strain at

But completely blessed the day,  
When I heard my lover say, etc.

We pass to what we apprehend will prove the most popular among the choruses, No. 22; not a *grand* chorus, but a delicious summer-night serenade, with a prelude full of flute imitations of nightingales, and strings murmuring like breezes in the trees, "May no rash intruder," etc.

Truly a charming epithalamium! The soprano part at times separates into first and second voices, taking up the strain catch-wise. The syncopated rhythm seems to have caught the nightingale character from the outset; the light, buoyant harmonies, now soft, now swelling, spread over the broad surface of hundreds of voices, have a fine, breezy, all-pervading effect: while the occasional duet strain in thirds, first by all the female, then by all the male voices, gives you the sensation of listening through the night air to dainty sounds.

This sweetly closes the First Part.

Part II. opens with an exceedingly splendid, trumpet-tongued chorus, with a smart orchestral prelude and accompaniment, full of ringing exclamations and responses on the words "happy," etc., upon which a fugue sets in in the basses, with a very quaintly marked, emphatic subject, on the words "live, live forever," which is wrought out at considerable length and winds up magnificently with a repetition of the commencing strain. This is in the key of D major, like the "Hallelujah," and so many of the most brilliant and triumphant choruses.

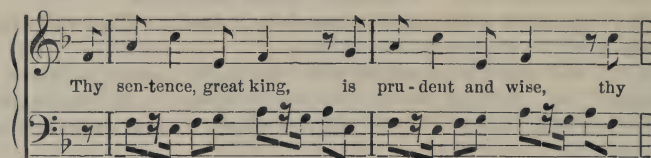
No. 27. In the Levite's spirited and patriotic-sounding air, "Thrice blest that wise, discerning king," you will readily imagine that Handel's melody *does* "mount on eagle wing," and that this bass voice vigorously scales up through its whole compass, from a low starting point, to reach those heights of "everlasting fame," and that there are plenty of old-fashioned, long-spun *roulades*, when the word "everlasting" last occurs.

No. 28 opens the long dramatic scene of the two women claiming the same infant. Ushered in by an attendant (tenor recitative), the first, the real mother recites her wrong. Song after this would seem unnecessary, but Handel has improved the situation to introduce a lengthy trio (No. 29), in which the first woman begins to plead, with simple pathos, and as she grows more earnest, repeating, "My cause is just, be thou my friend," she is cut short by the second woman, "False is all her melting tale," in a vixen and accusing strain; these two characteristically distinct melodies are then mingled and alternated piecemeal, while "Justice holds the lifted scale" in a long-drawn note, now on the key-note (A), and now on the dominant, in the alto part of Solomon.

No. 30. Recitative. After hearing the second claimant, Solomon pronounces judgment: "Divide the babe." And then breaks in the strangest air, — more strange than interesting, though there is no telling what a *great* dramatic singer might make of it, — in which the second woman exults after her amiable and *motherly* manner: —

Thy sentence, great king, is prudent and wise,  
And my hopes, on the wing, bound quick for the prize;  
Contented I hear and approve the decree,  
For at least I shall tear the loved infant from thee!

The sneering, syncopated melody, choking as it were with hate, and always with contrary accent to the bass accompaniment, has reference, we suppose, to the amiable state of mind of the singer; but it wants more instrumental background, and a little of that *tigress* stinging tone and action of Rachel to render it effective. Here are the first notes, which we give as a curiosity; the words are to the king, but the music, the real meaning of them, is addressed to the other woman.



Quite in contrast with this is the air of the real mother, who hereby proves herself such, singing (to odd words enough), after springing forward to "withhold the executing hand":—

Can I see my infant gored  
With the fierce, relentless sword? etc.

It is really a song of great dramatic capabilities; and the closing phrases, "Spare my child," may be conceived of as being sung so as to be full of pathos. No. 34, a recitative by Solomon, is of course necessary to set all right again, by giving virtue its reward. And by this time we may fancy that our audience has got pretty well weary of so long a stretch of solos, all so much after the old Italian cut, and destitute of all the stimulating richness of the modern orchestration. The truth is, this old melody (that is, the average of it, sung by average voices), though one may find meaning and character in it all, has a monotony, to most ears, about as great as that experienced in reading those old conventional classic dramas of Corneille and Racine; not that these are for a moment to be mentioned in the scale of greatness with a genius like our Handel. They need some rare Rachel of a singer to *create* them anew and bring out their meaning. The beautiful songs of the *Messiah* and some others are more agreeable, or have become so by frequent hearing, and through great singers. Besides, they are incomparably finer. The songs of *Solomon* are by no means the best of Handel. It is the choruses that save the work; the life of it resides in them. Massive, elaborate, and complex as they are, nobody fails to understand them, nobody listens to them with a vacant mind. The charm of personality, which makes solos and duets so popular, is outworn in these songs, and we await each chorus like refreshing rain in drought.

Passing the majestic, florid melody in which Zadoc compares Solomon to "the tall palm," and the short five-part chorus, "From the East unto the West, who so wise as Solomon?" we come to No. 40. The first woman sings a simple pastoral air about "Every shepherd sings his maid," which would seem more in place in one of Handel's early love operas, or a pastoral like *Acis and Galatea*. And now nothing more intervenes before No. 41, the great chorus closing the Second Part, "Swell, swell the full chorus to Solomon's praise," etc.

This chorus, like the opening one of this part, is in D major, Allegro, 6-4 measure; bold, triumphal, in plain harmony, without fugue, but full of grandeur. The last lines, "Flow sweetly," etc., make a smoother episode, in 3-4 measure, with a running violin accompaniment, which soon imparts its movement to the bass voices, afterwards responded to by other voices; and after this smooth, gentle sprinkling of harmony, the bolder original movement returns.

Part III. opens with an instrumental symphony, of some length, in broad even-flowing 4-4 rhythm, without fugue, full and strong and joyous, with the usual Handelian quavering figures for the violins, strong up-buoying basses, relieved at intervals by bits of pastoral duet, in reedy thirds, by the hautboys. This by way of prelude to the visit of the Queen of Sheba. Let their royal greeting speak for itself.

And now comes one of the most interesting portions of the oratorio:—

Nos. 45-51. The monarch calls upon his court musicians to

Sweep, sweep the string, to soothe the royal fair,  
And rouse each passion with th' alternate air.

And then follows a series of four choruses, of contrasted expression, illustrating the power of music in rousing or soothing the various passions. First a sweetly, richly flowing one in G, 3-8 measure, the theme being first sung as solo by Solomon: "Music, spread thy voice around."

Then he sings:—

Now a different measure try,  
Shake the dome and pierce the sky.

Which words are immediately taken up in double chorus, with the same martial accompaniment, in D of course. The full chords have the quick and stately tramp of armies. At the idea of the "hard-fought battle" and the "clanging arms and neighing steeds," the instrumental masses echo each other with more animation, and the voice parts tread upon each other's heels in uttering the same strong phrases, till the mind is filled with a bewildering yet harmonious image of general onslaught and confusion. The trumpets of course are not idle. The third is one of the finest and most impressive of Handel's choruses, although a short one. We quit the general battle for the sorrows of the private breast. The words are, "Draw the tear from hopeless love."

It is in G minor, a *Largo* movement, for five voices (there being two sopranos); and as these roll in like wave upon wave at first, you are reminded somewhat of "Behold the Lamb" in the *Messiah*. The union of all the voices on the tonic chord at "Lengthen out the solemn air," with the long swell on the word "air," is sublime, and the abrupt modulations, diminished sevenths, etc., at "Full of death and wild despair," have the romantic character of modern music, and almost make one shudder. Finally, "to release the tortured soul," we have the air and chorus, in E flat, "Thus rolling surges rise." Also a chorus for five voices, in one or another of which the rolling surge continually resounds with right hearty Handelian gusto.

The Levite, like Chorus in Greek tragedies, chimes in with another bass air, in admiration of both "pious king and virtuous queen,"—an air after the usual pattern, now quavering through several bars on the first syllable of "glory," and now holding it at even height for the same space. This is not the only instance in *Solomon* where the original score furnishes nothing for the orchestra but first violin and bass parts. Robert Franz is greatly wanted to complete at least the quartet harmony.

No. 54. Recitative and air for tenor. Zadoc celebrates the splendors of the temple, and sings a melody ingeniously wedded to the words, with instrumental figures corresponding, "Golden columns fair and bright." Here the two violin parts are in unison, and the violas are divided into first and second.

No. 56. A magnificent double chorus of praise in D, with which the present performance fitly closes, without any sacrifice of unity or completeness. It is in fact the grandest chorus in the oratorio: simple and massive in its construction, offsetting chorus against chorus with striking effect, and only growing contrapuntal and complex toward the end. A very active figurative accompaniment heightens its brilliancy throughout. The work finds its real climax here. But Handel, writing for Englishmen, famed for strong stomachs and long programmes, must give heaped measure: and so Solomon must go on and sing of "green pastures," and all the outward signs of his most prosperous reign; and the queen must pray that peace may ever dwell in Salem; and there must be leave-taking and duet between Solomon and Sheba: and all this necessitates a supplementary and on the whole superfluous *finale*,—another double chorus, "The name of the wicked," etc., which by no means caps the climax upon the preceding choruses, but is in fact less interesting than most of them.

As a whole, we may speak of *Solomon* as an oratorio which contains much of Handel's best music, but too long, wanting in unity, and unusually overloaded with long, level stretches of those conventional and ornate solos, which it requires the best of singers to lift into light and interest. The choruses are indeed wonderfully fine, and touch such various chords of human feeling that they might furnish a complete enough entertainment of themselves. The oratorio as here given is curtailed one third. Why not curtail it even more?

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## CHORUS BY J. S. BACH.

DURING five years, mostly in the earlier period of his residence in Leipzig, Bach composed, for every Sunday's service and church festival, a cantata, consisting of orchestral introduction,

recitatives and arias, chorales and great choruses. These were sung once and then laid aside, only to reappear within these last few years in the splendid volumes of the complete edition of Bach's works, now in course of publication by the Bach Gesellschaft, in Leipzig. Some three hundred and eighty of these cantatas are either published or known to exist in manuscript. This short selection for the festival is the concluding number of the cantata (once performed here in a Harvard Symphony Concert), entitled "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss" (My Heart was full of Heaviness), which dates back to an earlier period, when he lived in Weimar, 1714. It was composed for the third Sunday after Trinity, June 17, and the text has reference to the epistle of that Sunday. Nevertheless, Bach wrote over it, "Per ogni tempo" (Good for any time).

This splendid final chorus, upon the same text with that of Handel's *Messiah*, is even more exciting and sublime than that, although it is very much shorter and its musical subject-matter of the simplest. But in its wonderful conciseness, every phrase, every chord strikes with an electric force; and it is all over, leaving the hearer breathless with amazement before Handel's lengthier "Worthy the Lamb" and "Amen" chorus has more than got fair headway. Here Bach's three trumpets come in with stirring effect. It is in C major. The words "The Lamb, that for us is slain, to Him will we render power and glory," etc., are declaimed by all the voices with stupendous and startling modulations. Nothing could be more exciting and full of grand presentiment. As each deliberate phrase rings out, you seem to hear the echoes in the pause that follows. Then the time changes to Allegro. A solo bass voice declaims, "Power and glory and praise be unto Him forevermore," lengthening out the "Amen, Allelujah" in florid roulades, while voice after voice (*solis*) take up the theme and pursue the fugue. Presently the *tutti* join them, first in one part, then another, until the whole mass is drawn into the harmonious vortex, and amid stirring trumpet-calls, it surges on to a higher and a higher climax, and the whole ends in a blaze of glory; almost too suddenly, you think, although the musical matter has been fully treated and exhausted. It is truly a sublime conclusion to a noble work.

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## HAYDN'S "SPRING" AND "SUMMER."

THE *Seasons* was the last work of Haydn, composed when he was nearly seventy years old, and it certainly displays a marvellous degree of vigor and vivacity of fancy. In some respects it is more interesting than the *Creation*, though many of its passages are only reproduced from that, and sound, with all their elegance, but too familiar. As a whole, it plainly suffers from its ambiguity of character, being secular, pastoral, almost operatic in its real inspiration, prompted by the impulse to paint the changing phases of nature and the simple joys of country life, while at the same time striving to secure some of the dignity of oratorio. It is in just these graver and would-be grander parts that it is weakest. The more elaborate contrapuntal choruses certainly do not compare with "The heavens are telling," and the other grander movements in the *Creation*. But in the lighter and descriptive portions which form nine tenths of the work, we find it richer than the oratorio. And what variety and contrast! as much in Haydn's music as in the scenes, the atmosphere, the various human labors and enjoyments which the four seasons of the year suggest. Our concern at present is only with the first half of the work.

1. **SPRING.** The overture, portraying the passage from winter to spring, is a fine orchestral piece, answering its purpose well; though less quickening to the fancy than Mendelssohn's treatment of the same subject in the prelude to the "Walpurgis Night." The chorus, "Come, gentle spring," is simply perfect; the very breath and soul of spring are in those fresh, delicious harmonies. The homely bass air of Simon, describing the husbandman in the field, old as it sounds, recalls the character to the life; all the more that its phrases are familiar, that the tune is almost the same that Rossini caught again from nature afterwards, at a quicker tempo, in his "Zitti, zitti," and that the orchestra, so richly occupied, (how friendly the bassoon runs along by the side of the voice!) borrows a hackneyed subject from the "Surprise" Symphony. The trio and chorus, "Be propitious," the duet of Jane and Lucas, "Spring, her lovely charms unfolding," the chorus of girls and youths, — in short, all of this spring music is delicate and full of spring; and the closing chorus of thanksgiving is impressive, in spite of what we have said above.

2. **SUMMER.** Here the great scene is the Thunder Storm, so skilfully prepared by recitatives with instrumental accompaniment, in whose murky harmonies you feel a lowering,

darkening atmosphere, and worked up with orchestra and chorus to a terrific climax. The transition, after the passage of the storm, to the softer chorus, "Welcome, gentle sleep," seems too abrupt, and lacks that finer sense of nature shown in Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." But the *Summer* has many very fine traits. The bass air describing the shepherd driving out his flock, the glorious mounting of the sun (trio and chorus), and especially the tenor cavatina and recitative about the intense midsummer heat, "Distressed nature fainting sinks," are, taken with the instrumental figures, singularly graphic.

If anything could be desired, in the way of contrast, to make the innocent, spontaneous, lovely, thoroughly genial and happy Haydn music particularly refreshing, it would be to hear it, as we shall, after the *Requiem* of Verdi!

## BEETHOVEN'S NINTH OR "CHORAL" SYMPHONY.

THIS is the last, and certainly in some respects the greatest of Beethoven's symphonies. For a long time it was a stumbling-block to critics and musicians, because it overstepped the limits of pure (instrumental) music, by the introduction of a chorus with quartet of solo voices, singing Schiller's inspired "Hymn to Joy" in the last movement. It was also deemed impracticable in its demands upon the voices, whose parts range continually so high. Nevertheless, the difficulties have been conquered in many a successful rendering, as well in this country as in Europe; and now the sublimity and beauty of the work, its deep significance, as if it were a *résumé* of all the master's symphonies, and of the whole aspiration of his life, is commonly acknowledged. It is in four movements.

1. ALLEGRO. It opens with a strange rustling *tremolo* of empty, barren *fifths*, which gives the feeling of a great void, the emptiness of life; and upon this, with startling energy, like the relentless voice of Fate, a strong theme is pronounced, which still at intervals asserts itself until the end. Then the sweet human reeds pour out a pleading strain (a little melodic figure, that seems to be the tune of the "Joy" chorus in embryo), and sun-gleams and shadows, ideal hopes, and shadows of despair mingle and chase each other. Fate frowns, yet the soul's enthusiasm burns unquenchable; there is a great storm and struggle, as of light and darkness, stirring up all the depths of harmony; the human pleadings and the sweet ideals come again, and all seems tending to a beautiful solution, to a heavenly state of joy and peace and love: but for the present, for the actual conclusion, the inexorable voice that first rang through the void prevails; and the Allegro closes with that theme again resounding with a threefold emphasis. But the end is not yet.

2. The SCHERZO (Molto Vivace)—with its quick, strong pulse of ceaseless 3-4 measure, light and tripping, yet with a breadth of crowded harmony, as if one wild, reckless impulse tingled in every nerve and fibre; and the quaint pastoral episode in 4-4 measure, where the bassoon toys so merrily with the horn—suggests the vain attempt to find true joy in the whirl of superficial pleasure and excitement.

3. The ADAGIO CANTABILE, serene and heavenly, the very opposite to that wild mood of sensual joy. Like holy bells in a still night, the notes of the first chord fall in one by one upon the ear, leading in a sweet, slow, solemn psalm, with echoed cadence to each line; and the strings palpitate with blissful agitation as the time changes, and the soul is rapt in deeper bliss by the new theme in D that enters,—most lovely, warm, and comforting of melodies. What music ever written is more full of deepest feeling? Then, with what exquisite delicacy and subtlety of fine, mellifluous divisions, winding and throbbing in and out, the theme is varied by the violins and by the warmer instruments! And what is there comparable to that pure height of ecstasy, of reverie, in which the soul is more than ever conscious, lost to time, but waking in eternity; where, while the theme, modulated into a strange key, refracted, as it were, through a visionary light, is pursued by the wind-instruments, the strings, now here, now there, in all parts of the orchestra, emit (as it were) little electric sparks of happiness, in those *pizzicati* which only *seem* so promiscuously timed. Then the slow horn, as if inspired with an involuntary eloquence, indulges in a florid passage quite beyond its ordinary powers. Then the wonderfully expressive drooping back, as with a sigh of too much bliss, into the old key and the old theme; and still more exquisite refinement on the melody by the violins. And when the conclusion must come, there rings out a bold

trumpet-strain of exhortation from on high, — a voice which seems to summon the whole soul to highest *action*; then a brief relapse into the celestial melody, and the dream gently fades away; but it is not enough, — the solution is not here.

4. This we have in the fourth or choral part. How wonderfully the transition from pure instrumental into vocal music is prepared! First, a sort of shriek of despair from the orchestra; then a recitative, that almost *speaks*, from the double-basses and violoncellos, uttering the soul's question and complaint; a wilder shriek (diminished seventh), and more recitative of basses. Then the rustling fifths of the first movement are suggested: the basses answer, No, it will not do. The Scherzo theme is tried: No, again, with more impatience. The heavenly Adagio is touched for a few bars; and the bass soliloquy this time is of a subdued and sweeter melancholy, but ending still with restless sense of want of satisfaction. Then a new light sweetly streaks the dark horizon; the theme of the "Joy chorus" is just hinted by the mellow reeds, and the basses make eager, hopeful answer, Ay, that's the tune! and in a low, quiet voice these basses hum through, as it were, the melody of the chorus, conceived in the style of the simplest people's tune; they repeat it; and the bassoon plays around it with a quaint accompaniment, as if free now to indulge in any innocent fancy; then the violins come in; then the full force of the orchestra, with trumpets, with the richest harmony, and all manner of melodic figurative phrases, the whole so exciting as to lift one on his feet. It is splendid; it is divine: but still the utterance is not complete.

Of course, after this successful *élan*, in which the orchestra rises above itself enough to seize the actual form and outline of the human utterance to which all is tending, there is a momentary reaction, or rather relapse into the stormy and chaotic mood again (the diminished sevenths), with which the movement opened. But now an actual human voice is heard, "Friends, no more of these mournful sounds: let us sing," etc.; and the rich, ponderous bass recites, almost without accompaniment, the tune (which seems so simple, but which proves so pregnant, and clings to the memory with such charm afterwards) to the first verse of Schiller's words. Then the chorus breaks in; and solo voices, singly or in quartet, vary the tune in the succeeding verses, and carry it up higher and higher, as is the natural tendency of such enthusiasm. The change of the 4-4 rhythm to the 6-8 march time — where the full chorus suddenly modulates and ceases, the several measures of the pause being strangely marked by a single deep bassoon note, with which a higher note at length chimes in, and then all the wind instruments blend in so deliciously and buoyantly, as a prelude to the verse which tells of heroic youths rushing joyfully to victory — is one of the most marvellous effects in music. The energetic, closely involved, arm-to-arm and face-to-face sort of symphony which follows, indicates perhaps the conflict, the heroic struggle of and for humanity. And now the strain of joy breaks out more overwhelmingly; and in the consciousness of universal sympathies ("Embrace, ye millions! 'tis the world's inspiring kiss"), the chorus rises to a pitch of religious sublimity: the thought of Deity, of the "dear Father, that dwelleth above the stars," absorbs all. To follow this through exceeds our power. But we have here reached the point at which the whole meaning and connection of the symphony become clear. It is only from this acme of the whole, this top wave of the composer's joy-inspired enthusiasm, that we can look back over the preceding movements, and feel how they were all tending in their order to one goal.

And here we have the secret of the success or non-success of the vocal part of the performance. The voice parts climb high, and ordinary singers are dismayed at the task of sustaining themselves so long at such height. Evidently, the one indispensable condition of fairly singing such music is **ENTHUSIASM**! Such excitement as in the orchestra made the double-basses *speaking*, must here in the chorus carry the singers up above themselves, make them achieve what in our commonplace moods is impossible.

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## SPOHR'S "THE LAST JUDGMENT."

LET not the title appall; it is a very mild Last Judgment, compared with Verdi's realistic and terrific picture of the awful scene in his *Manzoni Requiem*. Spohr, in this his second oratorio upon this subject, dwells more on the goodness and mercy of God, and on the reward of the righteous, than on any attempt to harrow up the imagination with literal and musically intensified description of the everlasting torture of the wicked. Most of the music is distinguished by that

gentle, flowing melody, that daintily refined, sometimes cloying sweetness of harmony, that restless, creeping chromatic modulation and frequency of enharmonic changes, which are characteristic of all his compositions. He preferred to treat the gentler texts, from which he could create tone-poems steeped in sentiment and beauty. His aim was to charm, rather than to astonish and to strike with awe. His weakness is sentimentalism rather than sensationalism.

But Spohr, too, had written an earlier oratorio on the same theme, which seems to have been sufficiently sensational, and more in the vein of his opera of *Faust*. Thirteen years before the present work, he brought out *Das Jüngste Gericht* (of which the present English title is the literal translation), once in Erfurt and once in Vienna (1813), since which time it was never heard again. Probably few now living ever heard of it. A Viennese criticism of that day speaks of a chorus of devils at the end of the first part as being better fitted for a ballet; and another writer thinks him successful in the choruses, and particularly in the part of Satan, while the rest is of not much account. The German title of the work now to be performed is *Die Letzten Dinge*, another term for the Last Judgment. For this a noble text was prepared, mainly from the Book of Revelations, by the distinguished musical scholar and critic, Rochlitz, and here Spohr's genius found worthier material to work upon. Hauptmann, in his letters to Hauser, alludes to a "ludicrously superficial" biography of Spohr by Malibran, who, in his unbounded enthusiasm for his hero, calls his *Letzten Dinge* a musical copy of Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment* (!), evidently confounding the later with the earlier oratorio.

The *Last Judgment*, as we now have it, is one of the chief masterworks of Spohr, and ranks, after those of Handel and of Haydn, as perhaps the noblest specimen of oratorio, until it was eclipsed by Mendelssohn. Its general characteristics, as a musical production, we have already briefly mentioned. The texts of the first part are all of praise and glory, comfort and immortal hope; the terrors of the awful day are briefly but powerfully suggested, not portrayed, in the first half of the second part, and the oratorio concludes with visions of a new heaven, praise, and hallelujahs.

1. The overture is very long, opening with a grave and dignified Andante in D minor, from which soon springs the Allegro in D major, in which a theme in whole notes, constantly accompanied by one in quarters, is developed in a most interesting and exhaustive manner.

2. The first chorus, "Praise his awful name," in F, is one of the best in the work,—wholesome, strong, and noble music, full of striking points; and the solos for treble and bass, which occur in it, with their exquisite accompaniment, are full of beauty.

3, 4. Fine bits of melodic recitative for bass and tenor lead up to the short "Holy, holy," of the chorus, unaccompanied except by horns.

5-8. Three short recitatives, "Behold the Lamb," etc., treated with great seriousness and with all Spohr's fine-felt modulation in the accompaniment, lead to the somewhat familiar solo and chorus, "All glory to the Lamb," in 6-8 measure; one of the loveliest numbers.

9, 10. A more important, broadly laid-out solo and chorus is that on "Blessing, honor," etc. The tenor solo is very short; and here we may remark that Spohr seems to have avoided putting the personal singer persistently forward, making his short bits of solo mostly subordinate to the general plan and treatment of the whole. The chorus opens with a very tranquil, subdued, flowing piece of harmony, not without canon and imitation, and then sets in a strong and concise fugue. Tenor solo and chorus conclude in a sort of lengthened Coda, in the same tranquil vein with the beginning.

11. Tenor, followed by treble, recitative, "And lo! a mighty host." This is melodramatically treated, being mainly instrumental, the voice but supplying brief interpretation to the agitated and graphic movement of the orchestra, which begins pianissimo and waxes to a climax, subsiding to a gentler accompaniment as the treble voice comes in. All this, being in F, very gradually modulates towards the key of G flat major, in which the First Part ends with

12. Chorus and quartet, "Lord God of Heaven," full of a rich, warm, sunset color, and gentle as a benediction at the end of a religious service.

13. Part II. opens with another long orchestral symphony, the prelude to the Day of Doom. We shall not attempt to describe it, nor the long bass recitative (No. 14), announcing that "The end is near," most of which is delivered in detached fragments during the graphic melodramatic accompaniment.

15-18. This is followed by the pleading and pathetic duet, "Forsake me not," to which gravely responds the chorus, "If with your whole hearts ye humbly seek me," all in unison,

except at the words, "Thus saith the Lord." And then a short tenor recitative heralds in the most exciting and appalling number of the work, the chorus, "Destroyed is Babylon," which summons all the powers of the orchestra to its aid. The instruments continue at some length after the voices have ceased, only pausing once for the tenor to announce, "It is ended."

19-21. Soothing, beatific strains succeed: a sweet and gentle quartet and chorus, "Blest are the departed"; a soprano recitative, "I saw a new heaven," with a few bars of lovely instrumental prelude; a short tenor recitative, "Behold, he soon shall come," with quartet response, "Then come, Lord Jesus." This leads to the finale:—

22. The chorus, "Great and wonderful," which is lengthy and elaborate, including several distinct movements, beginning with a vigorous fugue in C, followed by a middle portion not so clear and simple as one commonly expects at the end of an oratorio; then soft Hallelujahs echo one another as from a distance, and a new fugue, "Thine is the kingdom," sets in, losing rather than gaining force as it goes on, through Spohr's besetting mannerism of chromatic modulation, and ending grandly with loud Hallelujahs and Amen.

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### MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL."

IN his two great oratorios, especially in this earliest one, Mendelssohn stands much nearer to Bach than to Handel. *Elijah* is exceptional in its more modern, free, descriptive form, and will probably always be the more popular of the two, although, with the most musical, *St. Paul* is the favorite, at all events in Germany. Mendelssohn composed it under the inspiration of Bach's music. It was but half a dozen years after he had brought out the *St. Matthew Passion Music* in Berlin, and his young soul was still all aglow with the wondrous art and the profound religious feeling of that great work.

*St. Paul* is a very grave and serious work, and must be taken seriously to be thoroughly appreciated. The music is singularly one in spirit with the subject and the text. The composer is so true to that, has so filled himself with that, that he seems hardly to have aimed at mere musical effect as such, but only at a noble, sincere, full, and never overwrought expression of characters, events, and sentences so full of meaning and so sacred; the expression thereof by those means and forms of musical art which had become to him an ever-ready, all-sufficient mother tongue. While therefore on the spiritual, the poetic, the dramatic side, the work is so true, so earnest, and so real, it is no less beautiful, original, and whole as a work of art, a composition. With all its contrasts,—songs, chorales, and choruses of serene, high Christian faith, turbulent outbursts of Jewish prejudice and vengeance, light-hearted, sensuous heathen worship,—it still preserves a unity of musical style which makes the beauty of all parts to be felt more or less in each part.

Mendelssohn had one great advantage over both Bach and Handel; namely, in having at his command the fully developed modern orchestra, of which their orchestra was but a sketch, the composer eking out the harmony by his own accompaniment as he presided at the organ. In the whole structure of this oratorio it is quite clear what model Mendelssohn has followed. Like Bach in his *Passion* music, Mendelssohn here builds upon the chorale; the sweet, deep, heartfelt plain-song of Protestantism. The half-dozen chorales which occur in the course of the oratorio, including that with which the overture so nobly opens, form its several points of rest and of departure. Like Bach, too, he intrusts the narrative, very condensed and plain, to a single reciting voice (soprano or tenor), which introduces the *dramatis personæ* and then lets them sing in person,—now the two false witnesses, now Stephen, now Paul; now the voice from heaven, "Saul, why persecutest thou me?" which he gives to a soprano choir to make it as little earthly and (humanly speaking) as impersonal as possible. There is something quite dramatic in this arrangement, and, all the more with Mendelssohn's consummate mastery of modern orchestration. And to make it still more dramatic, he introduces a third element from the *Passion*,—those short, excited, clamorous choruses of the multitude, called *turbæ*.

But if this music in its prevailing tone of color is more sombre than the *Elijah*, yet it is fully as exciting to the deeper feelings and strengthening to the soul. If it is less brilliant, and presents no such variety of vividly conceived and wonderfully painted scenes, yet the one theme is taken so to heart, and musically developed with such consistency and such completeness, that as a whole it

is equally and even more absorbing, — at least when one has listened to it carefully several times and studied it. There is nothing so graphic and overwhelming here as the "Rain" chorus, it is true; no such startling pictures shown forth on so large a canvas as the choruses, "The fire descends from heaven," "Behold! God the Lord passed by," and the like; but grand, inspiring, sometimes sublime expressions of trust in God, rising above the trials of the world, of light from heaven, light within, illuminating the surrounding darkness, such as are found in the *St. Paul* choruses, are not surpassed in the later oratorio. Trust in God's word, sympathy with its preachers, and prayer for them, — this sets the key-note in the very opening chorus; and how grand it is! How well contrasted its three motives! First the strong, exulting invocation, "Lord! thou alone art God"; then, as the stately full flow of the accompaniment is broken into agitated triplets, the sense of persecution and danger, "The heathen furiously rage" (this for the middle part); and then, the orchestra still agitated, the calm, long tones in which the voices pray that "strength and joyfulness" be granted to the preachers. And at this height, how naturally comes the first great point of rest, the serene, rich, even-flowing harmony of the chorale, "To God on high be thanks and praise!" It is the tune called in the old German hymn-books "*Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'*"; and it will be interesting to compare this four-voice treatment of it with several various renderings by Bach. Now begins the stirring history: the martyrdom of Stephen and the conversion of Saul forming the subject-matter of the first part, which closes with another grand chorus, fitly answering to that opening one, and similar in form, having a first, a middle, and a final subject, "O great is the depth," clear, strong, and jubilant; then, more involved in the weaving together of parts and figurative accompaniment, the thought that "His ways are past our understanding"; and the return of the first theme ushering in a quickened movement, "Sing his glory evermore," which is worked up to a climax, and the first theme, "O great is the depth," in slower tempo, ends the chorus as it began.

The opening and closing choruses of Part II. are somewhat more dry, but in the same dignified and noble style. On the other hand, looking for the present at the purely religious choruses which are outside of the action, — the comments of the pious heart, which prelude the story and at intervals relieve the strain of personal interest, — what can be lovelier and sweeter than the two, "Happy and blest are they who have endured," after the death of Stephen, and "How lovely are the messengers," in the second part! These correspond in character to "He watching over Israel," and are quite as beautiful; the second has a melody which at once captivates and haunts every listener. These win and soothe by their tenderness; others startle and carry you away by their far-flashing, dazzling brightness. The chorus which follows Paul's conversion, "Rise up, arise," is perfectly resplendent as the full blaze of harmony bursts out, after expectation has been aroused by the strangely dramatic *crescendo* of the orchestra, beginning with the low intermittent drum-beat which forms an organ-point to the increasing, climbing harmonies, full of a sense as of a sudden reveille in the dark and a hurrying together from a thousand tents to witness the great revelation. This, and the succeeding chorale, "Sleepers, wake! a voice is calling," with flashing trumpet interludes between the lines, are in the same spirit with "The night is departing," etc., in the *Hymn of Praise*, and not surpassed in that somewhat later work.

Then again, as opposite as possible to all of these, come the properly dramatic choruses, which keep up the excitement and the vividness of the scene throughout: especially those tumultuous accusing choruses of the Jewish multitude, "Now this man ceaseth not to utter blasphemous words," "Take him away," and, terribly true to life, as it is sharp and short, "Stone him to death." A good point, too, is the repeating of the same music essentially when the cry is again raised against Paul as it was at first against Stephen; add also, in the same category, "Is this he?" and "This is Jehovah's temple." Taunting accusation, blind rage and superstition, hatred and contempt for innovation, could not be more strongly portrayed in music, unless Bach has done it in his *Passion*. In still another vein, and still dramatic, are those choruses in which the Gentile crowd would worship Paul and Barnabas, "The gods as mortals have descended," and "O be gracious, ye immortals." How full of cheerful, sensuous Greek worship, of "oxen and garlands" and flutes the latter, with its secular melody, sounds! Touchingly and tenderly dramatic is the (almost recitative) deprecatory chorus of the disciples addressed to Paul, "Far be it from thy path."

Turning now to the solo voices, we find their most important occupation here in recitative all the narrative connecting parts are recited by a single voice, now soprano, now tenor, in few and well-chosen words, of which the musical phrases set the meaning and suggestion in the clearest light, what with the aid of the always significant and carefully studied running commentary in the orchestra. The condition hardest to be realized to the successful production of the whole

oratorio is the finding of singers who have this rare art of recitative in any high degree of perfection; they must be real artists. The rounded arias are comparatively few, but they are very beautiful: these, like the first class of choruses of which we spoke, are impersonal; pious meditations, exhortations, etc., in which the whole history is looked down upon from a clear religious height. Best and most original of them all, perhaps, is the well-known "Jerusalem! thou that killest," full of deep pathos, sweetness, and a sustained nobility of style, which make it a choice piece in the concert *répertoire* of every great soprano singer. Hardly less beautiful is the soprano Arioso, "I will sing of thy great mercies." The contralto has but one air: a warm, sincere, rich strain of melody (also well known in concert rooms), "But the Lord is mindful of his own," which requires a large, rich voice, and an unaffected, earnest manner of delivery.

The only air for the tenor is in the Second Part, "Be thou faithful unto death": an inspiring and inspired piece of musical declamation, whose capacity of expression the life-long study of a true singer could not exhaust. The clear, warm, golden voice-tones are exposed in the strongest relief against the shaded background of low running accompaniment, so that the singer may slight nothing. And the tenor recitatives in the First Part, particularly that in which Stephen rebukes the council, "Ye hard of heart," demand the highest powers.

There are two important arias (bass) for Paul, both in the First Part. The first is in his character of persecutor of the Christians, "Consume them all, Lord Sabaoth"; and in its strong, iron weight and energy corresponds to "Is not His word like a fire and a hammer that breaketh," in *Elijah*, as both do somewhat to the tenor "Thou shalt dash them," in the *Messiah*. The other, "O God, have mercy," is the prototype of the air of *Elijah*, "It is enough,"—the same deep, serious, tender, self-searching, brooding tone, roused to animated recitative in the middle by the resolution, "I will speak of thy salvation." The solo with chorus, "I praise thee, O God," is also one of the satisfying pieces in the oratorio. In the Second Part the duet with tenor (Paul and Barnabas), "For so hath the Lord himself commanded," is one of the things which seldom escapes open applause. Paul also has a noble piece of recitative, where he expostulates with the Gentiles who would worship them as Mercurius and Jupiter, "O wherefore do ye these things," in which the singer may find matter for study for a long time.

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### MENDELSSOHN'S "FORTY-THIRD PSALM."

It is almost unaccountable that this short Psalm, so much more available for numerous occasions, as well as for church service, than the longer Psalms with which we have been familiar,—a work too of the ripest period of Mendelssohn, a perfect instance of his purely vocal writing, requiring no accompaniment,—should now be heard here only for the second time. We owe its introduction to the "Cecilia," at one of its concerts of the present season. It is in every way a noble, an impressive, and most interesting work.

The first words, "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause," etc., are strongly given out in unison by tenors and basses, in D minor 4-4 measure; holding out the last note (dominant) to form a firm organ-point, on which the sopranos and altos in four-part harmony deliver the second clause of the sentence, "O deliver," etc. The same process is repeated with the next two clauses of the text, "For thou art the God," and "Wherefore mourn I," only this time the organ-point is on C, leading as dominant to the bright key of F major, filling the clouded harmony with sunshine at the thought, "Send out thy light," the tenors and basses now dividing, like the upper voices, so as to form a rich eight-part harmony.

Here the rhythm changes to Andante, 3-8, and a new but kindred theme is taken up, still in D minor; and in the same antiphonal manner the fourth verse is sung as far as "I will praise thee on the harp," when all the eight parts are again united. On the last two verses the key brightens into the major, the time becomes Allegro Moderato, and in square 4-4 measure the Psalm concludes in a resplendent and triumphant blaze of harmony. At the exhortation, "Hope in the Lord," many will recognize the same repeated little phrase that occurs also in the Psalm "As the hart pants," and which seems to have been a favorite with Mendelssohn in the setting of such words.

## VERDI'S "MANZONI REQUIEM."

VERDI is of course a Catholic, as was his friend Manzoni. His *Requiem* was composed for Italians and for Catholics, after the traditional text of the Church. The composer's effort seems to have been, as far as possible, with all his new means of counterpoint and modern orchestration, to realize in music the mediæval literal belief in all the terrors of the Judgment Day, as set forth in that powerful old Latin hymn, the *Dies Iræ*. Peace and gentle prayer and benediction occupy the smallest space amid the terrors of this vast, appalling panorama, which the lurid imagination of the composer — a patriot of the young, free Italy — has conjured up over the grave of the gentle poet friend, to whose memory he dedicates this *magnum opus*. The *Dies Iræ* claims almost the whole of it. But Verdi is still Verdi; and it could hardly be expected that the composer of *Il Trovatore* could resist the temptation, armed now with such new means, to try his hand upon a vastly wider canvas, in Miltonic flaming scenery a thousand times more lurid and appalling.

But taking the *Manzoni Requiem* as it is, framed upon the old Latin text, as sanctioned by the Church, and for which Jomelli, Mozart, Cherubini, and other masters have furnished classical models, let us try to gather up a few scraps of the impressions made upon us as the seven numbers of the work unfold.

1. We must acknowledge tenderness and beauty in the opening *Requiem*, which is like a murmured prayer for peace; and sweetly does it glide into the major at the words "Et lux perpetua," and return after "Te decet hymnus." This is all very simple and modestly expressed. The *Kyrie*, which follows, is not in the elaborate form of a set fugue (with double subject) like Mozart's, nor has it the beauty of that; yet with its imitations in the four solo voices, and four chorus parts, it is elaborate enough, and not without beauty, and a promise of still nobler things to come. The dull, groping accompaniment with which it begins, savors too much of Verdi's earlier operas. The first number, however, is one of the best parts of the work.

2. "Dies iræ!" Here every one is startled by what, the more we think of it, appears to us a cheap and coarse effect. It is an attempt at quite too literal, realistic, palpable a picture of the "crack of doom." The world is on fire, the dead rising from their graves, the universal air filled with frantic shrieks and cries for mercy. With all his brass, his fierce chromatic scales, his scouring blasts of sound, half the voices descending in chromatics, while the sopranos and tenors hold out one high note, making altogether the extreme of discord, he does his best indeed to realize the supposed occasion. Weak nerves may be frightened; all may be startled out of their dull complacency for a moment; they may call it grand and awful: but is it really sublime? Is its appeal to the spirit, or only to the senses? And when this pandemonium breaks loose again in the middle, and still again near the conclusion of the work, does it not seem more and more a false alarm? What sort of a "profound emotion" is this which can respond to such a boisterous appeal? Mozart and Cherubini, with much more quiet means, and without o'erstepping the modesty of Art, still making *music*, which in its nature is and must be beautiful, touch the inward spiritual springs of awe and guilty fear with a much surer hand. In Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, where the statue enters in the last scene, there is music which seems to shake the foundations of the earth and of one's very soul, and yet it is all beautiful, pure music; that speaks to the soul, this to the senses and the nerves.

To usher in the "Tuba mirum," Verdi has indeed contrived a great effect; his four pairs of trumpets, some near, some at a distance, as if ringing from the four quarters of the world, are managed with much skill and are most exciting. It is not a new device, however: we have heard it in *Lohengrin*, where the clans are mustered, only with a livelier strain; and Berlioz in this same part of his *Requiem* had employed not pairs of trumpets only, but cornets, trumpets, trombones, ophicleides, etc., in *four separate orchestras of brass*, each numbering ten or more, and placed at the four corners of the choral mass, besides eight fagotti and thrice four horns stationed in the middle. The "Tuba mirum" here, however, is decidedly impressive; we hardly know whether to say as much of "Mors stupebit"; it is certainly bizarre. "Liber scriptus" is made a mezzo-soprano solo of earnest character, intense dramatic accent, full of a warning and sincere expression. This and other solos in this middle portion contain real beauty and originality, and it is only natural that much of the best music should lie so near the heart of the work. During the solo are heard faint whispers of the words "Dies iræ," which lead into a strong, pathetic chorus on the second subject of No. 1, which is more like human music than the lurid and sulphureous introduction.

"Quid sum miser tunc dicturus" is a trio, beginning with the mezzo soprano, and joined first

by tenor and then by soprano. It is a beautiful Adagio, with an expressive bassoon figure underlying the accompaniment, and leads into a tremendous Fortissimo of all the basses on the "Rex tremendæ," amid suppressed ejaculations of the tenors in three parts; then melodious entreaties: "Salva me," a short phrase from each of the quartet in turn; and then the whole chorus joins. The melodious phrase acquires new beauty with a change of key, and the whole is worked up with great skill and powerful effect, especially where, beginning with the basses, voices climb over voices to the solo soprano in the last phrase of "Salva me."

Next comes the "Recordare," opening gently and sweetly enough with the mezzo soprano (let us say alto "for short"), and joined by the soprano in a provokingly half pleasing, half too artificial duet, which seems contrived chiefly for the display of the two voices, and smacks very much of the identical old operatic Verdi. An ingenious trifle by the side of Mozart's "Recordare."

The "Ingemisco" and "Qui Mariam absolvisti" offer a great opportunity for a robust and ringing tenor. There is great stir in the accompaniment all through, with plenty of aerial and subterranean tremolos at the mention of the sheep and the goats (the former suggesting a pastoral reed motive), while between the tremulous extremes the other instruments rush up and down the scale in triplets. There is solemnity and grandeur in the basso solo, "Confutatis maledictis"; only here again we might complain of cheap effects of rushing chromatic scales in the basses, with ear-piercing piccolo at "flammis acribus addictis." We can almost forgive it for the momentary relief of that modulation into a sweet passage, "Voca me cum benedictis." The last notes of "Oro supplex" are lost in a fresh outburst of the sulphureous, terrific "Dies iræ"; which, however, is not carried through, but dies away (that dying more impressive, inwardly, than all the uproar), to make place for the "Lachrymosa," which one can hardly help comparing, though we know it is not fair, with that wonderfully beautiful, affecting chorus by Mozart. Verdi treats it as quartet with chorus, in his own essentially dramatic way, very elaborately, drawing upon all his resources of melodic invention, imitation, interweaving of parts, subtle modulation, and strange harmonic contrasts. The soprano, having sung through its sad melody alone, which the bass echoes, confines itself for some time to spasmodic syncopated sobs, but again takes the lead, as the piece grows more and more intense and complicated, subsiding into "Dona eis requiem!" There are certainly many beautiful and touching passages in this, and in all the middle portions of the work; but they are fragmentary, and disturbed too often by sensational effects.

3. Here ends the old Latin hymn of the Day of Judgment with its terrors, and its frantic cries and prayers for mercy. The Offertory gives us pause. It is for the quartet of *solis*, and begins quietly and gracefully, "Domine Jesu." At the thought of "signifer sanctus Michael," the violins, both melody and harmony, are faintly heard from airy heights, so that you involuntarily look for Lohengrin and his Swan; but we think Verdi had used such effects before Wagner. The "Quam olim Abraham" may seem dry (and so is even Mozart's), and cruelly ingenious in its restless modulation; the "Hostias," with its serious, sweetly echoed theme, flattered us that we were done with Abraham, but he comes back again, and the quartet ends with "Libera animas."

4. The "Sanctus," here made to include the "Hosanna" and the "Benedictus," is treated in a singular manner. It is all one swift and stirring fugue for double chorus; and, ingeniously and clearly as the fugue is wrought, it has not the solemnity, the sublimity which we commonly associate with that text. It is of one theme, one texture, part and parcel with the "Hosanna" which follows, where a jubilant and stirring fugue is more in place. But still again, without pause, same theme, same swift fugue movement, the "Benedictus" joins the whirling clamor, subsiding gently at the end and giving way to "Pleni sunt celi" and "Hosanna," this time in long, tranquil choral notes (amplified from the latter half of the fugue subject), although the heavy sea is still kept boiling and roaring in the orchestra, and chromatic scales (*fff*) rush up and down in several octaves to increase the turmoil. Now the "Benedictus" is commonly made the text for a gentle, lovely movement by itself; in nearly all the Masses it is so, and it seems wronged by being whirled away in a tempestuous "Hosanna" fugue.

5. "Agnus Dei." This is one of the most admired, and we may say most original pieces in the work. The melody, first sung in octaves by two sopranos unaccompanied, has a sort of local coloring; almost as much as those Egyptian tunes in *Aida*. It is calm, sad, seemingly simple, and yet very studied, quaint, and singular. It is four times repeated: first by chorus with simple accompaniment, all in unison; then in the minor, by the two sopranos again, with some instrumental embellishment; the third time, with three flutes twining a light polyphonic wreath about it (a hint from Bach, perhaps?); and finally, very softly, in full chorus harmonized, the two upper parts, however, still holding to the melody. There is a certain fascination in all this, and it could be only Verdi's. Whether the charm will keep its freshness, time must show.

6. "Lux æterna" is a trio for alto, tenor, and bass, beginning with murmured monologue of the alto, in no settled key, amid a mysterious tremolo of strings high and low, which lends a certain sacrificial tone to it, as at the moment of the elevation of the host, with swinging censers, clouds of incense, etc., occasional notes of the bass drum or chords of brass deepening the sense of awe and strangeness. Much of what the three voices sing is made out of phrases from the preceding "Agnus Dei" melody, which lends a greater unity. There is much ear-tickling arpeggio and tremolo of high strings and flutes in the concluding portion.

7. "Libera me," etc. An ingenious contrivance for effect, both at the beginning and the end, is the monotonous chanting of some sentences, first by the soprano, then by chorus harmonized. The declamatory soprano solo which follows ("Dum veneris judicare . . . tremens factus sum," etc.) is intensely dramatic, expressing the utmost individual terror; the voice dies down to *pp* and *ppp*, and finally (*sic*) to *pppppp*. And here once more bursts out the fearful din and fury of the flaming "Dies iræ" chorus, and once more dies away, and "Requiem" is softly breathed again as in the introduction of the Mass. Then a long fugue, for single chorus, on "Libera me," drier and harder even than in the "Sanctus,"—which is wisely omitted,—all but the summing up or *Stretto* at the end. The petition is repeated in fragments, in various forms; finally the monotonous chant again; and so the Mass dies out.

### SAINT-SAËNS'S "THE DELUGE."

*The Deluge*, by M. CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, is the most notable novelty in the Festival programme. Conceived apparently in the same romantic vein as the symphonic poems which have become somewhat familiar to Boston audiences—*Le Rouet d'Omphale*, *Phaëton*, *La Danse Macabre*, and *La Jeunesse d'Hercule*—the composer seems to follow in the wake of HECTOR BERLIOZ, employing all the modern instrumental appliances for heightening musical effect. *The Deluge* is, in fact, an orchestral work, with only enough of recitatives, solos, and choruses to describe the story of God's punishment of sinful man and His subsequent covenant with Noah. The vocal portions of the score are, in fact, its weakest. Saint-Saëns, with all his knowledge of Bach and the masters, and with all his attainments in composition and orchestration, has not, so far as we have been permitted opportunities to judge, displayed great skill or invention as a vocal writer.

*The Deluge*, as will be seen by reference to the text on page 30, is divided into three parts. The prelude is for strings, and includes *motifs* which are repeated in the interludes and accompaniments of the opening recitatives. The theme of the tenor solo, "This race I'll exterminate," is taken as the subject of a choral fugue. The Almighty's command to Noah is told in a dignified aria for baritone. The choral fugue is repeated, ending with an emphatic enunciation, simply harmonized, of God's reasons for His course. In these movements for chorus there occur episodes in a chanting style, while beneath is heard the theme of the fugue in detached phrases.

The Second Part begins with a short recitative, "And Noah did as God had everything commanded," and the musical painting of the scene of the deluge begins at once. It is a most gorgeous piece of instrumental writing, and in it is employed every form of instrument which may serve to heighten the effect of the picture. Here is a list of the instruments for which parts are written: Strings and harp; one piccolo; flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, in pairs; horns, chromatic horns, trumpets, trumpets with pistons, trombones with pistons, all in pairs; three trombones of the common form, and three bass tubas; four kettle drums, great drum, cymbals, and gong. The composer has used them all with consummate skill. The vocal part amounts to little more than a chant, having no melody to speak of, and when not in unison is modestly harmonized. The effect at the close, as the chorus chant against sustained chords, "Mid the horror of night eternal, waste and void," and indeed of all of the movement which succeeds the storm, is very impressive. Amid the storm we hear thundered out the *motif* of the fugue in the First Part. The entire scene is intensely exciting in its treatment by the composer.

Milder orchestral means are employed in the Third Part, which is largely of a pastoral character, and, though sounding tame in comparison with the Second Part, includes the loveliest music in the cantata. The sending forth of the dove, the return of the winged messenger with the olive branch, the going forth from the ark, the heavenly sign of promise, all are pictured with great skill, and, what is more to the composer's credit, great beauty, especially in the orchestration, the vocal part always remaining weak by comparison. A spirited fugue, in which the covenant is enunciated, brings the cantata to a close.

The following brief sketch of the composer is copied, with slight changes, from the Festival programme book of May, 1877:—

"The name Camille Saint-Saëns has not yet found its way into the biographical lexicons of music; nor has a pretty careful search through musical journals and reviews, French, German, English, yielded any considerable information concerning his early life, education, and career, although his compositions (of the period since he suddenly became famous by winning the prize for the best cantata, at the Paris Exposition in 1867) have been themes of frequent praise or critical discussion. We have read that he was born in Paris, October 9, 1835, which makes him in his forty-fifth year. He was a pupil of the Conservatoire, and has resided principally in Paris all his life, though travelling frequently in Germany, where he is highly esteemed, having made his mark as a piano virtuoso and composer at Leipzig with one of his own concertos, and having been highly honored at the *Tonkünstler* (Musical Artists') meeting, in Weimar, in 1870. But he has been longest and chiefly known as the very able organist at the Madeleine, in Paris, a position which, after holding for nearly twenty years, he resigned, in 1877, to go upon a concert tour in South Germany and Switzerland. To be a great organist, in any worthy sense, one must acquire a mastery of counterpoint and fugue; and this young French musician seems to have made a deeper acquaintance with the consummate art and with the matchless masterworks of J. S. Bach than has been common with his countrymen. The fruits of this study appear, not only in the singular union of a certain subtle polyphonic element, a capacity for thematic development, with the strange ultra-modern, "Frenchy," and sensational originality of his orchestral works, but also in his transcriptions for the piano-forte of various movements from the violin sonatas, the cantatas, etc., of Bach, some of which have been presented in this city in the concerts of Mr. B. J. Lang. He has published three concertos for piano, with orchestra, which are eminently original and striking, especially the second, in G minor, which has been played here both by Mr. Lang and Madame Essipoff; also numerous string quartettes, trios, and all forms of chamber music."

### ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER."

ROSSINI'S setting of the great mediæval hymn, *Stabat Mater*, belongs to the same order of music as the *Requiem Mass* of Verdi. The means employed and the methods pursued, in each instance, are, viewed from the standpoint of Astorga, Palestrina, or Pergolesi, of the Italian school of writers for the church, far more theatrical than ecclesiastic. Form, color, and treatment, all are sensuous. Rossini's work enjoys the reputation of a wide-spread and long-continued favor, even among those who disclaim all sympathy with the teachings of the Church of Rome. And this popularity is not to be wondered at when one considers the work on purely sensuous grounds. Its great melodic beauty, its sumptuous instrumentation, its brilliant concerted movements, and its effective contrasts, each in the master's best style, and equalled only, so far as Rossini is concerned, by his *William Tell*, are mainly accountable for its fame. And these may combine to give it a life which shall endure as long as the monkish poet's lines, suggested by the scene of the Holy Mother standing at the foot of the cross on which her dear Son has offered Himself in expiation for humanity's errors, shall recall to the faithful the great sacrifice and its lesson. Rossini's work is so well known to amateurs (of the choral works included in the scheme of the Festival this has been most frequently presented at the Society's concerts) that a description is quite unnecessary. A recital of some little facts in its history may be found interesting. In 1832, Don Manoel Fernandez Varela, Archdeacon of Madrid, and otherwise a dignitary of high importance, induced Rossini to compose a *Stabat Mater* which should remain in the Don's keeping. A ten thousand-franc snuff-box was the composer's reward. Rossini, falling sick, was unable to complete the task, and Giovanni Tadolini, musical director at *Les Italiens*, Paris, furnished three numbers. Don Varela dying in 1841, the heirs sold the hymn to a music publisher, who, on attempting to put the work before the world, was sued by Rossini, who gained the cause, and replacing Tadolini's numbers with his own, sold the complete work to Troupenas. The production of the hymn at *Les Italiens*, January 7, 1842, excited criticisms and comments of every shade of opinion. But even M. Joseph d'Ortigne, the uncompromising advocate of the plain chant, could not, in either of his critical articles in *La Revue de Paris*,—one of which was published before the hymn had been sung at the French capital,—deny the existence of certain beauties revealed in the grace of style and the freshness of melody. That performance must indeed have been of rare elegance, so far as the solo movements were concerned, with Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and Tamburini for their interpreters.



